

CHANDAMAMA

Inside:

ICC World Cup:

New Records

Down the Ages - 4

Page 15

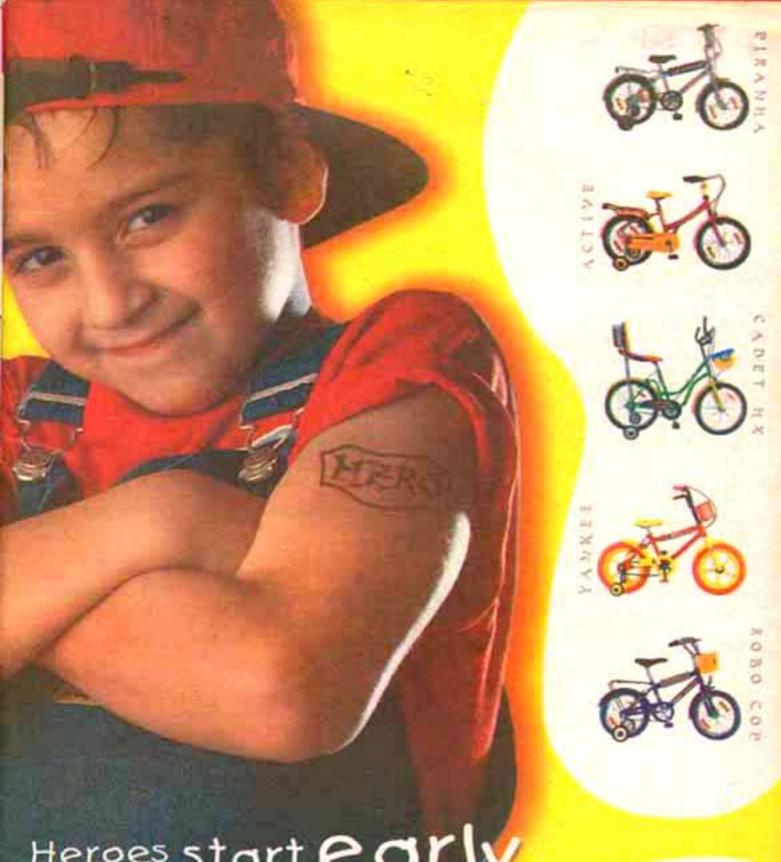
An invitation to dhildren! (Fage 61)

Presenting Parle Smoothies. Real Smooth Candies.

Enjoy the smooth taste of Parle's new candy, Smoothies.

That comes in a Creamee and 5 Juicee flavours. Go get a bite of the excitement.





Heroes start early

Ride, race, take a tumble or even take a fall, Because it's never too early to be a hero.





The Magic Caskets (New tales of King Vikram and the Vetala)



CONTENTS

| ★ Indiascope | 8 |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| ★ Blazing Away (Down the ages) | 15 |
| ★ The Dodoth of Uganda | |
| (Meet the tribe) | 18 |
| ★ Nandi's Gratitude (A Jataka tale) | 24 |
| ★ Riddles for the Boy King | |
| (Legends of India) | 26 |
| ★ Fruitful Mischief | |
| (When they were young) | 29 |
| ★ Puzzle Dazzle | 30 |
| ★ News Flash | 32 |
| ★ Rangoli | 34 |
| ★ Towards Better English | 38 |
| ★ Garuda the Invincible (Comics) | 39 |
| ★ Laugh Till You Drop (Humour) | 43 |
| ★ Story of Ganesa | 44 |
| ★ ABC of Science | 46 |
| ★ Outwitting a Devil | 48 |
| ★ The Scholar's Fancy | 50 |
| ★ Let Us Know | 51 |
| ★ Three Copper Coins | 52 |
| ★ Fun Times | 54 |
| ★ Vasudha | 56 |
| ★ The Costly Apple | |
| (From the Arabian Nights) | 58 |
| ★ World Cup 2000 : Records | 62 |
| ★ Photo Caption Contest | 66 |
| | |

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION : English Rs.180/-Other languages Rs.120/-

Send D.D. (<u>payable at Chennai</u>) or money order in favour of **Chandamama India Ltd**. with the name and address of the person you are gifting it to, and the language edition subscribed for. **Add Rs.25/- on outstation cheques.**

For USA & Canada 12 issues by air mail English \$ 24 Other languages \$ 20 Remittances <u>payable at Chennai</u> in favour of **CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED**

No.82 Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097. Phone: 2231 3637 / 2234 7399 E-mail: chandamama@vsnl.com

For booking space in this magazine please contact:

Delhi

Mona Bhatia: Ph: 011-2651 5111/2656 5513/2656 5516

Mumbai

Sonia Desai : Res:Ph: 26342856, Mobile: 98202 -55692

email:soniadesai@vsnl.net

Chennai

Shivaji: Ph: 044-2231 3637 / 2234 7399 email: advertisements@chandamama.org



Religion is often defined as a way of life and is, therefore, something very personal. However, religion is generally identified by the names given to it by different groups of people, who naturally adopt their own ways of life. They attribute various symbols, rites, rituals, and ceremonies according to their environment, as representing their religion. Unfortunately, some narrow-minded people become less tolerant and prevent others from performing their rites and rituals. Such action or activities result in animosity between religions.

Listen to our President Dr. Abdul Kalam. He said: "Religion should graduate into a spiritual force to check growing incidents of communal riots.

Then only disparities in development can be removed." He was prompted to make this observation when a student in Mumbai asked him how communal violence can be prevented. He also offered a solution: "There is need to create enlightened citizens. This can be done with schools having classes about human values in the curriculum."

If we turn the pages of our history, we can find that religion, with its noble concept that everyone, and everything is only another form of God, had played a vital role, even some three thousand years ago, in reforming man and guiding him along the right path, instilling the spirit of unity and promoting human values in all sections of people. *Chandamama* wishes that children, as our future citizens, will build a nation where peace and

Founded by B. Nagi Reddi Chakrapani Editor Viswam Editorial Advisors Ruskin Bond, Manoj Das Consultant Editor K.Ramakrishnan

Words of Wisdom

We instead of I

The six most important words:

I admit that I was wrong.

The five most important words:

You did a great job.

The four most important words: We.

What do you think?

The three most important

words:

Could you please. . .

The two most important words:

Thank you.

harmony will prevail.

The most important word:

The least important word:

I.

- Unknown

Visit us at : http:// www.chandamama.org

Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes

Heroes of India - 19

Here are some of the sages and spiritual heroes of our past. Do you know them?



I am the author of the first epic of India. That's a give away. Who am I?



At first I was a king but later I became a sage. You know my daughter, Shakuntala, don't you? Who am I?



I made the Vindhya mountain bow its head. I then went south and settled there. What is my name?



I am the author of the great epic Mahabharata. I also divided the Vedas into four and composed the Puranas. Name me.



I am considered as the son of Lord Brahma. I am the Guru of Rama and his brothers. Do you know me?

Prizes brought to you by



Three
all correct entries
will receive bicycles
as awards.*



Fill in the blanks next to each question legibly. Which of these five is your favourite hero and why? Write 10 words on **My favourite spiritual hero is**

| Name of participant: |
|----------------------|
| Age:Class: |
| Address: |
| |
| |
| Pin:Ph: |
| |
| |
| |

Please tear off this page and mail it to Heroes of India Quiz-19

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED No.82, Defence Officers' Colony Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097. On/before May 5, 2003.

Instructions

- 1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14 years.
- 2. *Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size. If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of My favourite hero.
- 3. The judges' decision will be final.
- 4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
- 5. The winners will be intimated by post.

Ahis nacation explore the land Fesenting SWIFT Summer Camp - the fun way of learning computers.

Vacations are all about fun, discovery and doing something out of the ordinary. Which is why WII-T presents the Summer Camp - an exciting 24-hr course designed especially for you to propel you into the world of computers.

It's loaded with interesting activities that will keep you booked and stimulate that eager little mind of yours.

So waste no time and drop in with your parents at the nearest NIIT centre. And get set to take to the skies

| * | Computer basics | Flight | simulation | gam |
|---|------------------|--------|------------|-----|
| | Multimedia 🌟 Exp | | | |

Internet Personality Development module

S W/F 7
The easiest way to learn computers



rase not and carry this coupies.

isit the neurest NIIT centre

r a 1-hour demo of SWIFT ammer Camp. And get a chance

win a computer.



Soft toys from sola

Do you think that soft toys are new to India? No. Baby-friendly soft toys have been here for several centuries. No, not the teddies and bunnies of today, made of felt and synthetic stuffing. These old toys are fashioned out of plant fibre, and are light as thermocol. What is

Sola is a kind of reed that grows in the marshes. It is abundantly found in West Bengal. The

more, these toys come at

affordable prices.

Bengali artisans here use it to create a number of artefacts.

When the hard brown outer layer of the reed is shaved off, an ivory-coloured soft pith is revealed. This

is trimmed and used in creating toys, decorations, and other artefacts.

Nowadays, the toys are painted in bright colours.

During the times of the British, sola was used to make topis to protect the heads of the English sahibs from the blazing Indian sun.

Have you noticed the ivory-coloured decorations adorning the figures of Goddess Durga and other deities during the Durga

Puja in Bengal? They are made of sola.

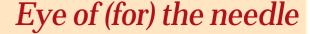
The *topor* or headgear a Bengali Hindu bridegroom wears and the bride's *mukut* or tiara are again fashioned out of the reed.

How dexterous are you? Can you pick up a needle or pin from the floor while balancing a heavy object on your head?

And that too, with your eyes!

It is just a child's play for the *karagattam* dancers of Tamil Nadu. The dancers balance an earthen pot, decorated with festoons and flowers, on their head. They perform tricks while dancing.

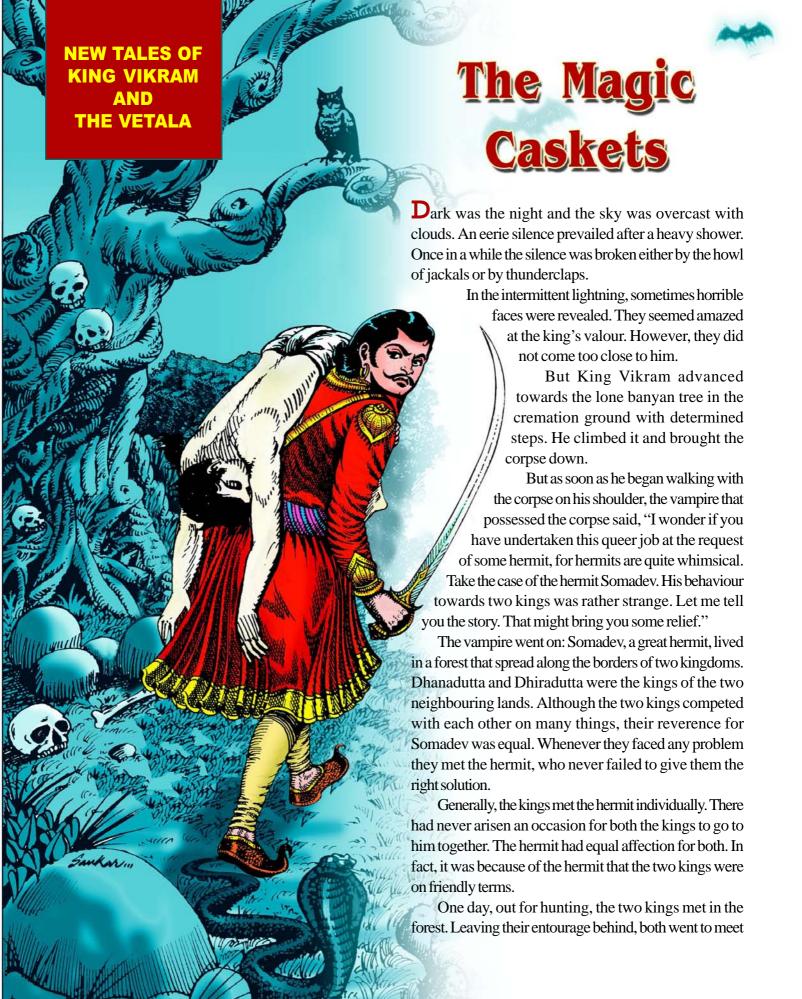
It includes stepping on a rolling block of



wood, threading a needle while bending backwards, and chopping a plantain placed on their elbow with their eyes blindfolded, and climbing up and down a ladder. The trick that crowns the performance is the act of picking up a needle with their eyes.

One dancer has created a record by picking up as many as 300 needles in 20 minutes!

- Compiled by Srikari



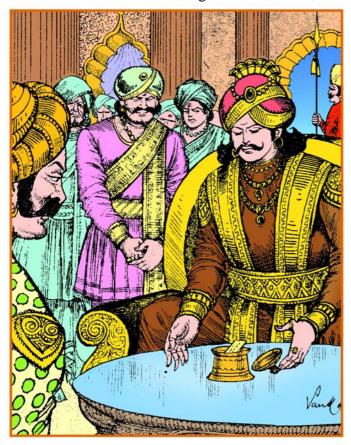
the hermit to pay him their obeisance. The hermit was pleased to see them.

He said, "It is very good that you came. I am about to go into a trance, and for five long years I shall remain in that state. You will not have the benefit of my advice. However, here are two small caskets. Each of you can take one home. If you face a crisis which proves too strong for you, then open the casket. The solution will come out of it. But make sure that before opening the casket you have tried all other means of solving the crisis. If you misuse the casket, I will take it back from you when I come out of my trance."

The kings received the caskets with gratitude and returned to their palaces. Soon a severe drought befell both the kingdoms. Crops failed. The people grew panicky.

King Dhanadutta opened the casket given to him. A million gold coins spilled out of it. The king spent the wealth in buying foodstuff from distant lands for his subjects. Thus the drought, which could have resulted in a devasting famine, did not cause much hardship to his people.

But Dhiradutta, instead of opening the casket, mobilised all his resources, dug wells and canals, and



encouraged the people to grow new crops. He did not allow a morsel of food to go out of his kingdom. The people had to experience hardship, but the crisis passed when the next monsoon came, and all were happy.

Dhanadutta now desired to launch new projects in his land so that his people would grow more prosperous than Dhiradutta's subjects. He wished to know how to proceed in the matter, and so he opened his casket again. This time there was a line of writing inside the casket. It read: "Wait and see".

Next day, a stranger met Dhanadutta and said, "I have invented a device by which I can tell if there are precious minerals in your kingdom hidden under the earth. I can help you locate them on one condition: I shall own half of whatever is discovered."

Dhanadutta found in it an easy way to prosperity. He utilised the services of the stranger and found large deposits of minerals.

A few days later, the stranger met Dhiradutta and put forth the same proposal. But Dhiradutta was not willing to accept his condition.

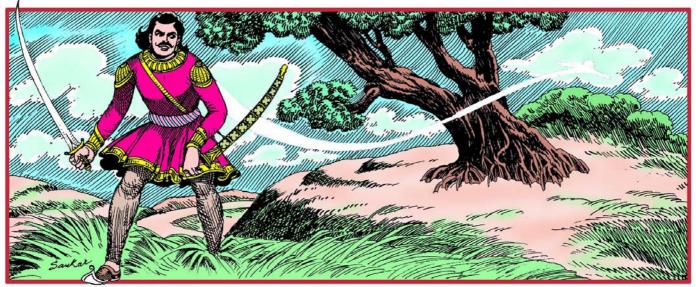
Five years passed. The hermit woke up from his trance and paid a visit to the two kingdoms. He saw the subjects of Dhanadutta prosperous and happy. But Dhiradutta's subjects, though not unhappy, were working hard for their prosperity.

The hermit asked both the kings to meet him with the caskets. He let them tell what they had done with the caskets. Dhiradutta said he had not used the casket at all. Dhanadutta narrated how he had used it twice and stated, "The result is obvious. My subjects are happy."

But to Dhanadutta's surprise, the hermit asked him to return the casket while he allowed Dhiradutta to keep his.

The vampire paused and demanded of King Vikram, "Tell me, O King, why did the hermit take back the casket from one who had made proper use of it? If you know the answer and choose to keep mum, your head shall roll off your shoulder."

Replied King Vikram: "Dhanadutta did not make proper use of the casket. He made no other effort to get over the crisis before opening the casket. He provided food for his subjects all right, but that he did at the cost of their own zeal to try solve the problem. Thereby he made



them lazy. Without any thought he allowed the stranger to own half of the minerals of his land. Thereby he deprived the future generations of the land's wealth.

"Dhiradutta, on the other hand, was confident that the casket will go to his rescue if his own efforts failed. He made best use of the casket by not using it! That is to say, the confidence he got from the mere possession of the casket was his strength. He did not sell away any part of his land's minerals for immediate benefit. Hence, he deserved to keep the casket."

No sooner had King Vikram finished his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

A matter of weight

The next time you see a shopkeeper measuring out vegetables or rice, think of this: the concept of balances, weights and measures had been known to man for several millennia now. As far back as 2000 B.C., the pharaohs of Egypt are said to have standardised weights and measures in their land!

Life giver, energy giver

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who gives us the most energy of all? And guess what the mirror would say? It would say, the sun, of course. For the sun, in one second, gives off 13 million times more energy than all the energy used in United States of America in one year.



All at sea



We are in the era of the electronic mail. When was the last time you entered a post office? But post offices continue to exist and do good work, too. Here is a strange post office - a floating one. This one is in Michigan, USA. The J.W. Westcott II is the only boat in the world that delivers mail to ships while they are still sailing in the sea. This 'post office' has been working for the last 125 years.

From the pen of Ruskin Bond

Getting Granny's Glasses - II

The story so far: Mani's grandmother needs a new pair of spectacles, for which she will have to go to Mussoorie. She hesitates, because it involves a two day journey - a walk of 12 miles to Nainbagh, a stay overnight, then a bus journey - and she hates buses! She cannot go alone. If Mani's father goes with her, the boy will be left all alone at home. Granny does not like that. Mani offers to go with her. So, the two set out. They wend their way slowly; then come rains, but Granny has kept an umbrella with her. The umbrella comes in handy when a pack of mules descend on them...

hey ate their lunch by the roadside, in the shade of a whispering pine. There were chapatties and mango pickle and a curry made from yam. They drank from a spring a little further down the path.

By late afternoon they were directly above Nainbagh. "We're almost there," said Mani, "I can see the temple near Raju uncle's house."

"I can't see a thing," said Granny.

"That's because of the mist. There's a thick mist coming up the valley."

It began raining heavily as they entered the small market-town on the banks of the river. Granny's umbrella was leaking badly.

But they were soon drying themselves in Raju uncle's house, and drinking glasses of hot sweet milky tea.

Mani got up early next morning and ran down the narrow street to bathe in the river. The swift but shallow mountain river was a tributary of the sacred Ganges, and its water was held sacred, too. As the sun rose, people thronged the steps leading down to the river, to bathe or pray or float flower-offerings downstream.

As Mani dressed, he heard the blare of a bus horn. There was only one bus to Mussoorie. He scampered up the slope, wondering if they would miss it. But Granny was waiting for him at the bus stop. She had already bought their tickets.

The motor road followed the course of the river, which thundered a hundred feet

below. The bus was old and rickety, and rattled so much that the passengers could barely hear themselves speaking to each other. One of them was pointing to a spot below, where another bus had gone off the road a few weeks back.

The driver appeared to be unaware of the accident. He drove at some speed, and whenever he went round a bend everyone in the bus was thrown about and their luggage skidded about on the floor. In spite of all the noise and confusion, Granny fell asleep, her head resting against Mani's shoulder.

Suddenly the bus came to a grinding halt. People were thrown forward in their seats. Granny's glasses fell off and had to be retrieved from the folds of someone else's umbrella.

"What's happening?" she asked. "Have we arrived?"

"No, something is blocking the road," said Mani.

"It's a landslide!" exclaimed one of the passengers, and everyone put their heads out of the windows to take a look.

It was a major landslide. At night, during the heavy rain, earth and trees and bushes had given way and come crashing down, completely blocking the road. Nor was it over as yet. Debris was still falling. Mani saw rocks hurtling down the hill and into the river.

"Not a suitable place for a bus to stop," observed Granny, although she couldn't see a thing.

April 2003 Chandamama

Even as she spoke, a shower of stones and small rocks came clattering down on the roof of the bus. The passengers cried out in alarm.

The driver began reversing the bus. More rocks came crashing down.

"I never did trust motor roads," said Granny.

The driver kept reversing until they were well away from the landside. Then everyone tumbled out of the bus. Granny and Mani were the last to get down.

They could see, it would take days to clear the road, and most of the passengers decided to return to Nainbagh with the bus. But a few bold spirits decided to walk to Mussoorie, taking a short cut up the mountain which

would bypass the landslide.

"It's only ten miles from here by the footpath," said one of them. "A stiff climb, but we can make it by evening."

Mani looked at Granny. "Shall we go back?"

"What's ten miles?" said Granny. "We did that yesterday."

So they started climbing a narrow path, little more than a goattrack, which went steeply up the mountainside. The area of the landslide was left behind.

But there was much huffing and puffing and pausing for breath, and by the time they got to the top of the mountain, Granny and Mani were on their own. They could see a few stragglers far below; the rest had retreated to Nainbagh.

Granny and Mani stood on the summit of the mountain. They had it all to themselves. Their village was hidden from them by the range to the north. Far below rushed the river. Far above circled a golden eagle.

In the distance, on the next mountain, the houses of Mussoorie were white specks on the dark green hillside.

"Did you bring any food from Raju uncle's house?" asked Mani.

"Naturally," said Granny. "I knew you'd soon be hungry. There are *pakoras* and buns and milk-sweets and peaches from your uncle's garden."

"Good!" said Mani, forgetting his tiredness. "We'll eat as we go along. There's no need to stop."

"Eating or walking?"

"Eating, of course. We'll stop when you're tired, Granny."

"Oh, I can walk for ever," said Granny, laughing. "I've

been doing it all my life. And one day I'll just walk over the mountains and into the sky. But not if it's raining. This umbrella leaks badly."

Down again they went, and up the next mountain, and through fields and over bare windswept hillside, and up through a dark gloomy deodar forest where a band of monkeys followed them until Mani gave them what was left of his pakoras. And then, just as it was

getting dark, they saw the lights of Mussoorie twinkling ahead of them.
As they came nearer to the town, the lights increased, until presently they were in a brightly-lit

bazaar, swallowed up by crowds of shoppers, strollers, tourists and merry-makers. Mussoorie seemed a very jolly sort of place for those who had money to spend. Jostled in the crowd, Granny kept one hand on Mani's shoulder so that she did not lose him.

They asked around for the cheapest hotel. But there were no cheap hotels. So they spent the night in a *dharamsala* (resting-place) adjoining the temple, where some pilgrims had taken shelter for the night.

Next morning, at the eye-hospital, they joined a long queue of patient people. The eye-specialist, a portly man in a suit and tie, who himself wore glasses, dealt with the patients in a brisk but kind manner.

After an hour's wait, Granny's turn came.

The doctor took one horrified look at Granny's glasses and dropped them in a waste-paper basket.

Later, he fished them out and placed them on his desk and said, "On second thoughts, I think I'll send them to a museum. You should have changed them years ago. They've probably done more harm than good."

He examined Granny's eyes with a strong light, and said, "Your eyes are very weak, but you're not going blind. We'll fit you up with a stronger pair of glasses." He then placed her in front of a board covered with letters in English and Hindi, large and small, and asked Granny if she could make them out.

"I can't even see the board," said Granny.

"Well, can you see me?" asked the doctor.

"Some of you," said Granny.

"I want you to see all of me," said the doctor, and he balanced a wire frame on Granny's nose and began trying out different lenses.

Suddenly, Granny could see much better. She saw the board and the biggest letters on it.

"Can you see me now?" asked the doctor.

"Most of you," said Granny. And then added, by way of being helpful, "there's quite a lot of you to

see."

"Thank you," said the doctor, "and now turn around and tell me if you can see your grandson." Granny turned, and saw Mani clearly for the first time in many years.

"Mani!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands with joy. "How nice you look! What a fine boy I've brought you up to And a wash. And buttons on your shirt. And a new pair of shoes. Come along to the bazaar!"

"First have your new glasses fixed," said Mani, laughing. "After that we'll go shopping!"

A day later they were in a bus again, although no one knew how far it would be able to go. Sooner or later they would have to walk.

Granny had a window-seat, and Mani sat beside her. He had new shoes and Granny a new umbrella and they had also bought a thick woollen Tibetan pullover for Mani's father. And seeds and bulbs, and a cow-bell.

As the bus moved off, Granny looked eagerly out of the window. Each bend in the road opened up new vistas for her, and she could see many things that she hadn't seen for a long time—distant villages, people working in the fields, milkmen on the road, two dogs rushing along beside the bus, monkeys in the trees, and, most wonderful of all, a rainbow in the sky.

She couldn't see perfectly, of course... but she was very pleased with the improvement.

"What a large cow!" she remarked, pointing at a beast grazing on the hillside.

"It's not a cow, Granny," said Mani. "It's a buffalo." Granny was not to be discouraged. "Anyway, I saw it," she insisted.

> While most of the people in the bus looked weary and bored, Granny continued to gaze out of the window, discovering new sights.

> > Mani watched for a time and listened to her excited chatter. Then his head began to nod. It dropped against Granny's shoulder, and remained there, comfortably supported. The swerved and jolted along the winding mountain road, but Mani was fast asleep.

> > > (Concluded)



April 2003 Chandamama

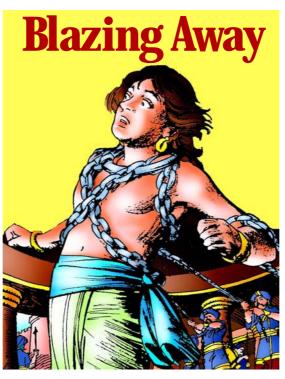


Karikala was among the famous and efficient kings of the ancient kingdom of the Tamils. He ruled the Chola kingdom around the 1st century A.D. He belonged to the Chenni family that ruled Alandur, a part of the Chola kingdom. This region consisted of the present day districts of Thanjavur, Tiruchi, and Pudukkottai.

It is believed that Karikala, which means 'the one with the black leg', was not his original name. There is an interesting story how he earned this epithet. When Karikala was around twelve years of age, the Chola throne fell vacant. A scheming, wily relative imprisoned the prince and ascended the throne. However, a fire in the prison helped the prince to escape. One of his legs was scorched as he fled the burning prison. And he came to be called Karikala.

A brave and intelligent lad, he soon won back his throne.

One day, two men brought a dispute to his court. However, when they saw the young king, they were sceptical. Sensing this, Karikala left the court saying he



would send a wise elder to sort out their problem. Soon, an old man came and settled their dispute amicably. The men praised the man for his impartiality. Imagine their surprise when the old man removed his disguise. He was none other than Karikala!

Do you know that Karikala had laid the foundation of the port town of Puhar, later known as Poompuhar? This happened almost 2,000 years ago. He also constructed an embankment along River Cauvery, which is now an irrigation dam. The

Kallanai or the Grand Anicut, as it is known today, was built by the men he captured during his conquest of the island of Lanka.





You know that seawater is salty. But do you know which is the saltiest sea? It is the land-locked lake called the Dead Sea which is too salty for even animals and plants to live in it. The Dead Sea is 295 m below sea level, 80 km long, and covers an area of 1,049 sq km. At its deepest points, it is more than 400 m deep.

The lake is believed to be an enormous reserve of salts and minerals. Sodium chloride, potassium, magnesium, calcium chloride, and bromides are present in such concentration here that there are

chemical works on the shore of the lake that extract these chemicals. The lake is fed by River Jordan, but the water that flows into it from the lake is far less than the amount of lake water that is lost by evaporation. Perhaps this is why the lake is so very salty.



Heat and dust

How boring!" groaned Shashank, as he got into the school bus. "Another history lesson, that's what this trip is going to be!"

"I know," groaned back Rahul. "And that, too, not in the classroom, but in the middle of a hot desert!"

Mohan remained silent. He loved history and he did not think the trip would be boring.

Mohan was part of a study tour from his school in Ahmedabad. They were visiting the archaeological site of Dholavira, a 5,000-year-old settlement dating back to the Indus Valley civilization.

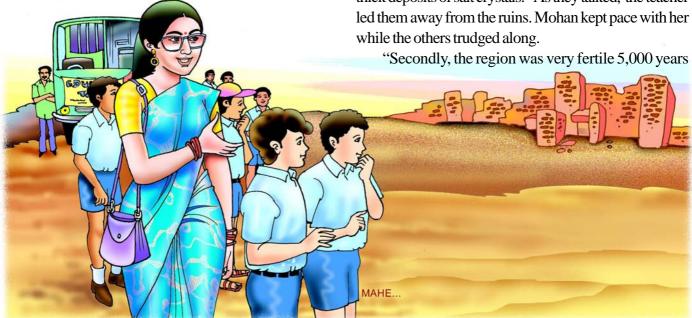
All along the way, their history teacher, who was escorting them, spoke about the civilisation. Rahul yawned and yawned. Shashank tried to drown her voice by loudly crunching up potato wafers. Only Mohan listened keenly.

And then they were there. The children tumbled out of the bus and their teacher led them forward. Dholavira was located on the Khadir Island, an elevated landmass with mountainous outcrops, in the Great Rann of Kachchh. The settlement complex was huge and the remains looked like the ruins of a fortified palace. Standing on the excavated archaeological mound with the others, Mohan surveyed the region.

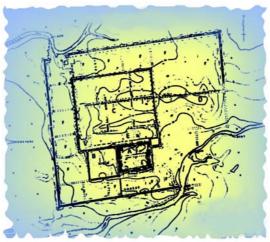
'But why would any one want to settle down in a dry and barren region like this?' he wondered. At a distance he could see the glistening salt deserts of the Rann. Surely there was a mistake! Mohan knew that there were no rivers here and that the place received very little rainfall. He wanted to clarify his doubt but was a bit hesitant. His classmates were looking rather bored and uninterested. Rahul was scratching some picture on the ground with the tip of his shoe. No one else seemed to have any question to ask. Mohan decided to take the plunge and ask it out.

"But, ma'am, why did the people of the Indus valley settle here? In a land so dry and with no water?"

His teacher smiled, "That's a smart question, Mohan!" Mohan went red with pride and the other boys turned to stare at him. "To begin with, reaching Dholavira was not difficult 5,000 years ago because at that time, the Great Rann and the Little Rann were like extended arms of the Arabian Sea through which small boats could sail. Even today, this Rann, which is just a little above sea level, gets flooded with a shallow sheet of water during the monsoon. Since the water is mostly from the sea, when it dries up, the area turns into a saline desert, with thick deposits of salt crystals." As they talked, the teacher led them away from the ruins. Mohan kept pace with her while the others trudged along.



ago," she continued. Rahul and Shashank had got into a scrape by now, much to Mohan's irritation. Shashank pushed Rahul who slipped and fell. The teacher stopped to help him on his feet. "Rahul, if you had fallen here 5,000 years back, I would have to swim to save you," she said. Now the children looked up at her, puzzled. They were walking through a dry area and why would ma'am have to swim?



water level started falling. Soon the rivers were dry!" The teacher paused for a minute. "The dry winds would pick up the silt from the riverbeds and blow it all over the region. This entire process is called desertification. It turns a semi-arid landscape into a completely dry one. Here at Dholavira, desertification began at the end of the Harappan period, 3,500 years ago. Today this is

happening all over the world!"

Meanwhile Bhola, the local guide from a nearby village, came to call them for lunch. "Couldn't anyone do anything at all to prevent further desertification?" Mohan wondered as they trouped behind their guide. Lunch was waiting for them in the village. The children were rather surprised to see that the village was quite unlike the arid surroundings of the ruins. It was rather big and full of people and domesticated animals. Besides shrubs, there were also some trees.

"This village looks green and fertile. Not like Dholavira!" whispered Rahul to Mohan.

"Yes, it is," replied Bhola. The two boys sprang around, surprised. They had not expected a reply from him. Bhola continued, "If we don't take care now, the village will also very soon become as dry as Dholavira! But we are determined to prevent that. The little fresh water in the wells is just enough for drinking and household purposes. Farming is very difficult. We rear animals like

"This is the dry bed of River Mansar, which once was a source of fresh water to the entire region," said the teacher, smiling at their puzzled faces. The children gasped and looked around them, stunned. A river and not a drop of water? "Another river, called Manhar, joined up with the Mansar after flowing around Dholavira. The people collected water from the rivers by erecting stone bunds across them. The water was then diverted into the reservoirs inside the Harappan township."

"What happened to Mansar and Manhar?" That was Rahul, now all agog!

"Around 5,000 years ago the people of the Indus valley and its surrounding regions took to cultivation. As time passed, agriculture and cattle rearing became their main occupation. More and more land began to be cleared for irrigation, firewood, grazing, and other purposes. In a short while, the forests began disappearing. So the region began receiving less rainfall. The ground

Every year more than 60,000 sq km of soil turns to desert and over 200,000 sq km of land becomes unsuitable for crops because of desertification all over the world. Desertification affects millions of people and animals all over the world, posing serious problems of water and livelihood. It affects the entire biodiversity of the region. Desertification is a major problem in Kachchh. Kachchh is the sole habitat of the last surviving population of the endangered endemic Indian Wild Ass. It also supports the largest breeding colony of the Greater and Lesser Flamingoes in South and South East Asia. More than one million Flamingoes are estimated to breed in the Great Rann of Kachchh, the world's largest saline wetland. It is also home to the unique saline grassland called Banni (approximately 3,847 sq. km in area), which harbors unique and endemic salt tolerant grasses and numerous wild relatives of commercially cultivated and economically valuable species.

cattle, sheep, goat, donkey, and camel. We have developed common grazing grounds close to the Rann. We don't let our animals eat up the sparse vegetation in and around the village. This helps regenerate the original vegetation of this place. We have also planted many trees and shrubs which are unique to this region."

After lunch, the children roamed around the village with Bhola. They saw how the villagers had taken to using cow dung cakes as fuel instead of firewood. They saw how they collected every drop of rainwater they could. "One day we will surely have enough water for dry land cultivation," said Bhola, almost dreamily. The children grew solemn when they saw the villagers struggling to make their land fertile and bring the vegetation and water back.

As they boarded their bus back home that evening, even Rahul and Shashank admitted that the trip had been an eye-opener. "Not a boring history lesson, eh?" Mohan grinned at the two, his eyes twinkling. And they could only grin back sheepishly!

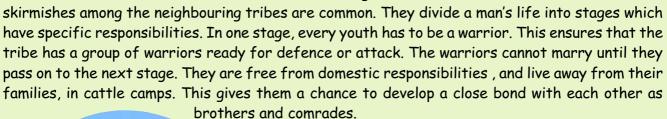
> Text and photos: Bina Thomas Courtesy: Kalpavriksh and the National Biodiversity and Strategic Action Plan

Meet the tribe...

The Dodoth of Uganda

Does the hairstyle in the picture strike you as strange? The picture is that of a young man belonging to the Dodoth tribe of Uganda, and this particular hairstyle is a symbol of his social status. Every Dodoth youth grows his hair long, twists it into a bun, and covers it with fibre strings. Further, he proclaims his superior status among his tribesmen by adorning the bun with an ostrich feather.

The Dodoth are pastoral people and their land is unsuitable for cultivation. And so, cattle raiding and



The cattle have a special place in the life of a Dodoth. When a man marries, he pays the bride's parents a price, which is usually cattle. If he fails to do so, he does not have any claim over the children his wife bears. If the girl later marries another man, who pays her price in full, the children become those of the new husband.

During his initiation into manhood, a Dodoth man receives the gift of an ox. From then on, he is known by the animal's name and feels proud of it. If the ox dies, he even

goes to the extent of threatening to commit suicide. If he dies early, the animal is ritually speared by his closest friend, as its survival would be a constant reminder of his death.

USE - REUSE

Summer is fast approaching and so is the demand for juices and soft drinks. You might find different

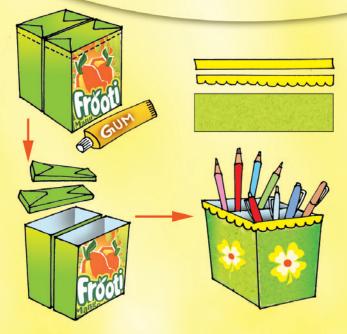
varieties of juices in attractive tetra packs. After drinking the juice, do not throw away the packet. You can make many useful things out of it. Here are just a few of them.



Take a pack and clean it thoroughly. Pull up the flaps of the pack. Then make

a cut on the top portion of the pack. Stick the sides of the pack with colour paper and decorate it. Now, fill it with some mud and sand. Plant a money plant in it. Make two holes on the flap. Pass a string through it. Your hanging garden is now ready.

Alternatively, you can sow a few mustard seeds in the pack filled with mud. Sprinkle water regularly. You can watch the seed germinate and grow. For this you must place the pack where it can get sunlight.



A STAND FOR YOUR PENS !

Here's another exciting thing you can do with the pack. All you need is two tetra packs. Cut the top portion of the packs as shown in the figure. Stick the sides of both these packs together with glue. Make a design with some colour paper. Stick them around the sides of the pack. Lo and behold! You have a pen-cum-pencil stand ready for use!



Known as the land of caves, forts, and temples, the State of Maharashtra was formed in 1960 from the Marathi speaking regions of the erstwhile Bombay Presidency. It is one of the populous States of India. Its population, according to the 2001 census is 96, 752, 247. It is also large-sized, extending over 307, 690 sq. km.

The State has diverse geographical features. It has a 720-km coastline. The Western Ghats run parallel to the coastline, forming beautiful hill stations between them. The Konkan, lying between the coastline and the Sahyadri Ranges is a narrow coastal lowland with a width of just 50 km. The dominant physical trait of the State is the plateau. Many rivers and their major tributaries flow through the plateau carving out beautiful river valleys.

The word Maharashtra is believed to have originated from the word 'maharathi' or fighting force. The word Maharashtra also means 'The Great State'. Some believe that Maharashtra is the corrupt word of 'Maha Kantara' or the Great Forest, meaning the Dandakaranya.

The State is bounded by Arabian Sea in the west, Gujarat in the northwest, Madhya Pradesh in the north, Andhra Pradesh in the southeast, and Karnataka and Goa in the south. The city of Nagpur in Maharashtra is roughly the central point of India. Mumbai or Bombay is the capital city of the State and Marathi is the main language.

Siege of a fort

It was a bright *somwar sakaahl*. She was standing on the balcony of the palace and combing her hair with a bejewelled comb. As she turned *poorwa*, her eyes suddenly fell on a fort. The fort was shining very brightly in the sun, like a newly laid egg. The sight goaded her to fury.

She immediately called one of her servants, and ordered, "Go immediately. Ask my *mulagaa* to come here at once. Bring him here, even if he has to leave his dinner, without washing his hands!"

The lady was none other than Jijabai, the mother of the Maratha ruler, Shivaji. She had just seen the strong Sinhgad fort from her castle in Pratapgad fort. Sinhgad was then being held by the Mughals. She had summoned her son Shivaji, who at that time was at Raygad.

When the messenger conveyed her orders to her son, Shivaji at once obeyed them. He donned his armour, took his sword and shield and tiger claws, mounted his

Forts and Caves

The beauty of Maharashtra lies in its forts and caves. It is aptly called 'Dagd-ancha desh', meaning the land of rocks. The 350-odd forts in the State have weathered the rain and sun for centuries. The forts are located on the hills or along the coast. Most of them are associated with the great Maratha warrior Chhatrapathi Shivaji. These forts were usually fortified cities. The forts of Raigarh, Rajgarh, Sindhudurg, Pratapgarh, Daulatabad, and Torna are the most well known forts of the State.



Daulatabad Fort

The intricately carved and painted caves of Ajanta and Ellora highlight Buddhist heritage and culture. These cave shrines depict the story of the Buddha. The caves are believed to have been carved out in 200 B.C. and abandoned in A.D. 650. These caves were secluded retreats where the Buddhist monks lived.

kaahlaa ghoda, Krishna, and set out for Pratapgad. He rode as fast as he could to Pratapgad and announced his arrival to his mother.

"Aaee, why did you want to see me so urgently? Is something ailing you?" asked Shivaji.

Jijabai did not reply directly. Instead she challenged him to a game of dice. "And if I win, you must give me a fort – the one I ask for!" she declared.



Shivaji turned down the challenge, at first. "Aaee, it is not right for a son to oppose his mother, even in a game. *Krupayaa* don't make me do it."

But Jijabai would not listen to him. She was so adamant that he finally had to give in to her demand. She invoked Mata Bhavani, the goddess in whom the family had so much faith.

The game began. Jijabai won the game easily. "Mother, you may have any fortress in my possession!" said Shivaji, humbly folding his hands.

Jijabai refused them all and demanded that he give her the fort of Sinhgad. Now Shivaji was in a dilemma. He had heard of the strong defences of Sinhgad. Many people had thought that the fort was impregnable.

He protested to his mother, "Sinhgad is held by Ude Bhan. And you know how difficult it is to capture the fort. *Krupayaa* take any of my forts instead."

But Jijabai wanted only Sinhgad.

"If you do not give me Sinhgad," she threatened, her eyes flashing, "I shall burn your entire kingdom with my curses."

Shivaji had to give his consent. He took Jijabai with him to Raygad. There he spent many hours pondering the right person who could be given the responsibility of capturing Sinhgad. He then thought of his old friend Tanaji Malusare of Umrathe. Shivaji felt that he was the right person to undertake the job. He immediately sent him a written message, asking him to come to Raygad in three *dviwas*, with 12,000 soldiers.

When the messenger from Shivaji reached Tanaji with



the orders, Tanaji was preparing for his son's wedding. But on receiving the message, he postponed the wedding and started for Raygad, with 12,000 men carrying clubs and sickles.

When the huge army entered Shivaji's kingdom, it caused a tumult in Shivaji's camp. Even Jijabai was somewhat perplexed. From the ramparts of the Raygad fort she could see the clouds of dust raised by the horsemen approaching the fort. She peered closely and turned to her son anxiously. "Could they be the Moghul soldiers? Do you think we are being attacked?"

But Shivaji only frowned and shook his head. "We have no such information, mother!" he said. "My

intelligence cannot be wrong." As the soldiers came closer Shivaji, recognised the banner, which they were carrying. It was his own! He guessed then that it must be his old friend, Tanaji!

He was right. His old friend was soon by his side. Shivaji greeted him warmly. But the *subedhar*, with the freedom of an old friend, scolded him, "Why did you have to disturb me in the middle of my son's marriage festivities?"

"Tanaji, you must *kshamaasawi*. It was my mother who wanted you to come here immediately," explained Shivaji. Even as Shivaji was speaking, Jijabai rose from her seat and thanked Mata Bhavani for Tanaji's presence. She then did *ala bale*, waved a lamp around Tanaji's head and cracked her *boat* on her temple so as to take care of all his cares.

Tanaji was moved. He immediately took off his turban and placed it at her feet and promised to do anything she wanted. Jijabai asked him to give her Sinhgad and said, "If you do this for me, I will then regard you as Shivaji's dhakataa bhaoo and my own mulagaa."

Tanaji gladly agreed. In joy, Jijabai threw a grand feast in honour of Tanaji and his soldiers. She gifted away garments and weapons.

Soon the soldiers set out on their task. After travelling for sometime, they reached a place called Anandi Bari. There, Tanaji disguised himself as a village headman and found his way through the jungle. At last he reached the enemy outpost. Just as he had thought, the soldiers seized him. Tanaji told them, "I am the *patil* of Sakhara. As I was walking through the jungle, a tiger attacked me. I ran to avoid it and now I am here, seeking shelter."

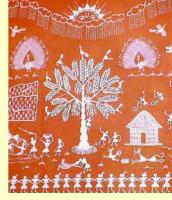
The soldiers believed his story. Tanaji soon bought

Art and culture

The State has a long and varied tradition of art and crafts, from the wall paintings in the Ajanta caves to the Worli folk paintings.

Maharashtra has a strong textile history and many different types of saris are produced in the different regions. The prominent ones are the Mashru and Himru fabrics of Aurangabad, paithani saris, and the Narayanpet of Sholapur.

The other crafts that are popular in the State are the bidri ware(metalware), lacquer ware, and the world famous Kolhapuri chappals.





their friendship with presents of betel nut and opium. He also gave them pieces of jewellery. He cultivated their friendship cleverly. In a few days, he had them eating out of his hands. When he thought the time was ripe, he revealed his true identity to a trusted

soldiers were ready to part with information. Tanaji learnt which side of the cliff could be scaled easily. They told him all about Ude Bhan and his lieutenant, Sidi Hillal.

That very ratraa, Tanaji and his soldiers went to Kalyan Gate, one of the gates of the fort. There Tanaji unleashed one of Shivaji's ghoda. He first tied a rope around its waist and gently turned the horse to face the top of the cliff. "You must go up there," he explained to it, gently but firmly. "You must scale that cliff for us."

The horse was one trained and intelligent. It neighed as if in obedience and when Tanaji pushed it forward, it galloped off towards the hill top. The horse reached the peak and fastened its feet firmly to the ground.

Then Tanaji and 50 of his men scaled the

steep slope with the help of the rope tied to the horse. They carried their swords in their mouth as they clambered up with their hands and feet. They sneaked into the fort and attacked the guards. They then crawled up to the next gate and barged in, after killing the guards on duty there.

One of the guards managed to escape. He informed Ude Bhan about the attack. Ude Bhan first

Glossary

Somwar: Monday Dviwas: days Sakaahl: morning Patil: village head Poorwa: eastwards **Boat:** finger

Subedhar: Chieftain Mulagaa: son Kaahlaa: black Patil: Village head Ghoda: horse Ratraa: night

Aaee: mother Gad ala, pan sinh gela: Dhakataa bhaoo: 'I have got the Fort, younger brother but I have lost the lion.'

Krupayaa: please

sent his lieutenant to man the fortress. When his lieutenant failed, he sent his sons. But when they were all killed, he himself set out to fight. He saw that the enemy were just few in number. His large army, cheered by the sight of their leader in battle array, attacked Tanaji with renewed vigour. He attacked and killed Tanaji immediately. But his assistant lost no time in avenging his master's death by killing Ude Bhan.

> By now the rest of Tanaji's army had reached the fort. Ude Bhan's army was routed.

> > Sinhgad was won! Shivaji's flag was hoisted and five cannons were fired.

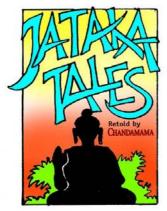
The news reached Shivaji in no time. He was overjoyed. His words to his mother had been kept. His trust in Tanaji had been vindicated. Shivaji rushed to Sinhgad and mounted the steep path that led to the fort.

He entered the fort through the Kalyan Gate and galloped in till he came to the corpse of his gallant comrade, Tanaji. As the Maratha ruler stopped to gaze at it, the soldiers congratulated him on the capture of the 'lion's fort'. But Shivaji silenced them in sorrow: "Gad ala, pan sinh gela!"

- Retold by Vidhya Raj

Jataka Tales

Nandi's gratitude















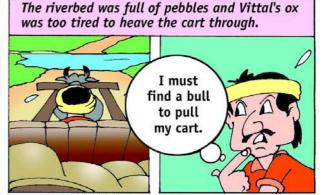


loaded cart.



hefty bull.

the deep river.







to be the bull's owner.

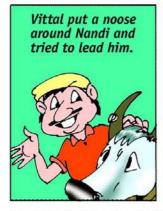
Vittal was surprised.



April 2003 24 Chandamama

Jataka Tales

Nandi's gratitude





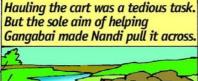
He wanted the merchant to fix a price which he could hand over to Gangabai.







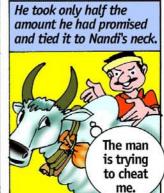
Nandi nodded in assent and went with Vittal.







The task over, Nandi waited for his payment. Now, Vittal tried to cheat Nandi.





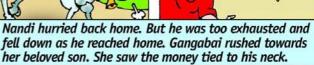


Vittal was awed by Nandi's arit and astuteness.



way. I'll pay you as promised.









and a good massage as well.



LEGENDS OF INDIA - 12

Riddles for the boy king

The wise and kind King of Varanasi died when his only son was seven years old. The king's personal servant, Chanda, feared that nobody after the king would care for him. He had no future in the palace.

He, therefore, went back to his village where he owned a house and a plot of land. He tilled the soil and lived humbly but happily. The villagers loved him because he was good-natured and he never spoke a lie.

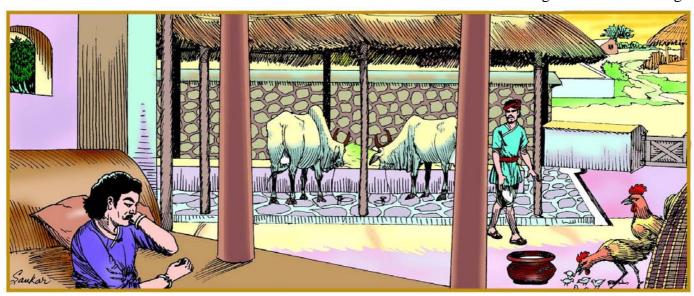
Once both his bullocks fell ill. He borrowed a pair of bullocks from a neighbour named Jagan, paying him a measure of rice in advance. He promised to return the bullocks before sunset. king's guards to recover the animals.

Next day, when Chanda went to him again to borrow the bullocks, Jagan feigned surprise. "You haven't returned my bullocks! Where did you take them? Market? And you're now pretending to be innocent!"

"But I left them in your shed, and I did not want to disturb you in your sleep," pleaded Chanda.

"Don't bluff. You had taken the bullocks from me; you were duty-bound to return them personally to me. You may do so or pay their value to me," demanded Jagan.

The matter went to the village council. Even though



True to his promise, he drove the bullocks to Jagan's house well before dusk, but found Jagan asleep in the porch. He did not want to disturb him. So, he led the bullocks to the cowshed and tied them there and quietly left. By then Jagan had woken up and did see Chanda leading the bullocks, but he did not get up to talk to him.

It so happened that Jagan's bullocks were stolen that night. At first he thought of reporting the matter to the king. But, on second thoughts, dishonest that he was, he decided to claim compensation from Chanda. After all, Chanda did not know that Jagan had seen him leaving the bullocks in the cowshed. It would be easier to make him compensate for the lost property than to wait for the

nobody believed that Chanda was lying, there was no evidence that he had taken back the bullocks. The issue was not settled for a long time.

Then the chief of the council said, 'I know for certain that our new king, though still a boy, is unusually wise and just. I suggest that you both go to him and let him decide the case.'

Chanda and Jagan set out for the capital the next day. After a while they saw some boys who were on their way to school. When they heard that the two villagers were going to meet the king, they said, "We have heard so much about the young king's wisdom. Will you please put our problem to him and seek a solution? We used to get up early in the morning and concentrate on our studies. But for the past six months, we get up at different times, rather late. Naturally we cannot concentrate as we could earlier. Why should this happen to us?"

"Nonsense! How can the king give any solution to such a silly problem?" commented Jagan, haughtily. "I'll be the last person to take it up with the king."

"Don't worry, I shall ask the king and get a solution," said Chanda.

Chanda and Jagan proceeded to the capital and met the king in his court. The boy king recognised his father's servant immediately and felt very happy to see him. Chanda asked Jagan to place his complaint before the king. But Jagan felt nervous because he would be speaking a lie to the king who somehow looked different from any boy he knew. He also knew that Chanda was an honest man. However, after Jagan had mentioned of the missing bullocks, the king asked, "I believe you had lent your bullocks to many others before Chanda came to you."

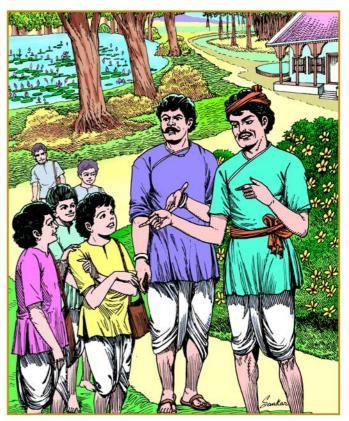
"Yes, my lord," replied Jagan.

"Isn't it true that if somebody did not return your bullocks before sunset, you yourself went and brought them back?"

"Right, my lord."

"What prevented you from doing the same thing if, as you say, Chanda had failed to return the animals?"

Jagan hemmed and hawed, but could give no worthwhile answer. The king said, "I accuse you of speaking a lie before the village council, uttering a lie here and harassing an innocent man. Since you did see your bullocks being brought back but still claim that you did not see, you have no use for your eyes. They would be dug out!"



Jagan confessed to his mischief and sought pardon. However, on Chanda's plea, the king pardoned him.

"Chanda, what reward do you wish to have for having so faithfully served my father?" asked the boy king.

"My lord, I wish to have a solution to a problem put to us by some students," said Chanda. He narrated what the boys had told them.

"I think those boys were in the habit of waking up when a certain crow cawed in the morning. Perhaps that crow is no longer there. Hence they get up late. Let them follow some other method and exercise their will-power to get up early."

The wise boy king was none other than the Bodhisattva, an earlier incarnation of the Buddha.



PROVERBS FOR YOU

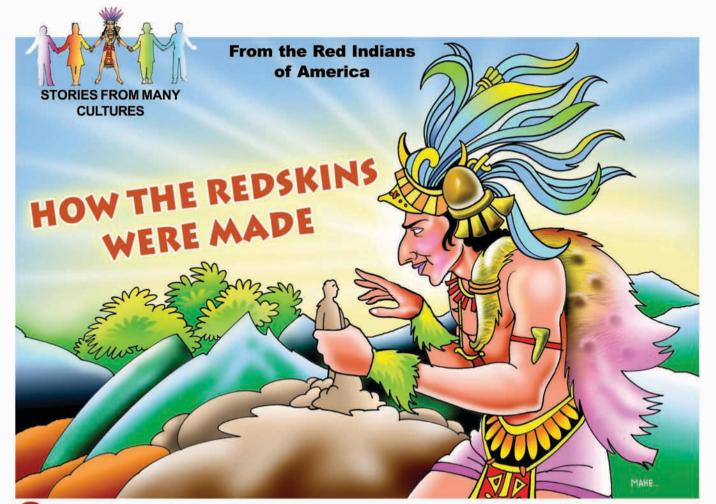
If you take a pointed stick to steal a baby bird, you should first try it on yourself to see how it hurts.

- Yoruba proverb



Be slow in choosing a friend, but slower in changing him.

-Scottish proverb



Once upon a time, when the world had just been created and was dotted with very beautiful mountains, valleys and rivers, there was not one man or woman living in it.

One morning, Manitu, the god whom the Red Indians worshipped, woke up in a happy mood and, looking down on the earth, decided it was time to put some people on it. He fetched a handful of clay from a river and made the figure of a man, taking great care to mould and shape it correctly and to his liking. At last it was finished and all that remained to be done was the baking, so that the clay would become hard and strong. He put the clay figure into an oven and stoked up the fire with wood, until it was blazing away.

Manitu sat down in the shade of a tree to rest, for the day had been very hot and he was tired after his morning's work. Soon, he nodded off to sleep and it was not until many hours later that he was awakened by a smell of something burning. Remembering his little clay it. When he opened the oven, the figure had turned black as soot.

'Never mind,' thought Manitu, 'this will be a race of black people,' and he put the figure down on the earth.

The next day Manitu made a second clay figure, but this time he paid more attention to the baking. However, now perhaps being afraid of overcooking it, he took the figure out of the oven long before it was done, and this time the clay was hardly baked and the figure was pale and white. 'Ah well, never mind, this will be a white race of people,' said the god Manitu to himself and he put the figure down on the earth.

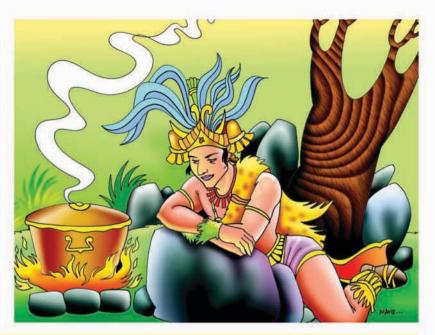
Next day Manitu made yet another clay figure and this time he covered it with oil, so that even if he left it in the oven for quite a long time it would not burn, but alas, this idea was not successful, and to Manitu's dismay the clay only turned a yellow, not quite brown and not quite white. 'Never mind, the third race shall be yellow,' he told himself.

When Manitu awoke on the fourth day he made a

the right amount of wood on the oven fire, covered his new clay figure in the right amount of oil and, by peeping into the oven, saw how the baking was coming along. After all these careful preparations, Manitu lifted the perfect figure of a man from the oven. His colour was a wonderful red-brown.

'Here is the red race of people!' exclaimed Manitu. 'The best figure that I have managed to produce,' and he set it down on the earth with all the other races where it became known as the Red Indian.

This story, according to a Red Indian legend, is how the different races of people first came to live on the earth.



When they were young...



Fruitful mischief

Do you love to read about naughty boys? The boy in our story was a very naughty boy, indeed. When he grew older he used the memory of his childhood and of his mischief to create two of the greatest children's novels ever written.

As a young boy, this brilliant author, whom we shall call Samuel, was very naughty and had a terrific sense of humour. Once he and his friend Tom Blankensap caught a raccoon. A local shopkeeper was known to buy raccoon skins. The boys skinned the raccoon, and Samuel took it to the shopkeeper. But the shopkeeper paid him only ten cents. Samuel was annoyed but had no choice. He noticed the shopkeeper throwing the skin into a room at the rear of the shop.

He walked around the room and noticed that one of the windows to the room was open. He stealthily crept through the window and picked up the skin. He then came out and entered the shop through the front door. Then he offered the skin to the shopkeeper again! The unwitting shopkeeper tossed the skin into the rear room without glancing back and gave ten more cents to the boy.

A little later, the boy returned with another raccoon skin and the shopkeeper gave him another ten cents. This went on for some more time, until the shopkeeper turned back to check how many raccoon skins he had collected till then. But by then, the boy had run far away! That was quite a naughty trick, wasn't it? Now guess who Samuel was? Well, it was Mark

Twain, the author of 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer' and 'The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn'. Mark Twain was the pen name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. He lived between 1835 and 1910.

PUZZLE DAZZLE

Cracking the code

A - 0 B - 1 C - 10 D - 11 E - 100 F - 101 G - 110

H - 111 I - 1000

J - 1001

K - 1010

L - 1011

M - 1100

N - 1101

0 - 1111

P - 10000

Q - 10001

R - 10010

S - 10100

T - 11000

U - 11001

V - 11010

W - 11011

X - 11100

Y - 11101

Z - 11111

Are you an avid Sherlock
Holmes reader?
Does his work inspire you?
Here's your chance to play
detective. Given below is a
message. The problem is, the
text is in codes. You must find
the message with the help
of the code which is
mentioned alongside. Clue:
every underlined number
forms a letter.

110 10010 100 0 11000! 11101 1111 11001

0 10010 100

0

110 1111 1111 11 10100 1011 100 11001 11000 111.

Number Game



Hi kiddies! Here is an interesting number pattern that you might not know. Check it out!

 $57 \times 54 = 111$

 $557 \times 554 = 1111$

 $5557 \times 5554 = 11111$

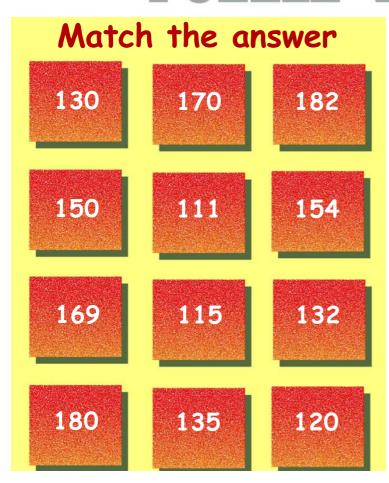
 $55557 \times 55554 = 111111$

 $555557 \times 555554 = 1111111$

 $5555557 \times 5555554 = 11111111$

55555557 x 55555554 = 111111111

PUZZLE DAZZLE



The author, while preparing the questions, has also provided the answers.

The answers are in the squares given here. But they are not in order. All you have to do is, match the correct question with the right answer. A word of caution: some answers may fit with more than one question. But there is only one way of solving the questions without repeating the answers. So what are you waiting for? Get going!

Questions

- 1. 13 X 13
- 2. The mid point between 100 and 200
- 3. 65 less than 180
- 4. 1 X 2 X 3 X 4 X 5
- 5. 22, 44, 66, 88, 110, ?
- 6. a century plus three decades
- 7. 999 / 9
- 8. three minutes in seconds
- 9. a rupee plus 35 paise
- 10. 194, 188, 182, 176, ?
- 11. the highest number in this puzzle
- 12. 68 + 86

Help Dadima!

Dadima had made yummy juices with farm-fresh mangoes. At the end of the day, she found that of the 21 bottles she had prepared, 7 were full, 7 half full, and 7 empty.

She wanted to share it equally among her grandchildren - Trisha, Arun, and Sanjay. She desired to give the same number of full, half, and empty bottles to them. But she had a problem: she had no measuring devices at hand.

After some thought, Dadima came up with an idea and she managed to divide the bottles equally among the three children. Do you know how she did it?

Have a great time with Puzzle Dazzle!

- By Vidhya Raj

(Answers on page 64)



Vewsflash

Flop-pest movie

You might have often stared at 'HOUSE FULL' boards as you eagerly stood in the queue for your cinema tickets. You would have also seen advertisements carrying the slogan "Box-office hit" to attract a moviegoers. The Hong Kong-made movie "Psychedelic Cop" met with a different reception. It ran for a week after release and was seen by just 10 persons, who paid 42 dollars in all for their tickets. The makers of the movie withdrew it from the theatre and produced a VCD which brought in a slightly better revenue! "Colour of Pain" was another film which also flopped at the box-office. The movie collected 242 dollars during a fortnight long run!

Garlands of notes

The deity in a Chennai temple was, on New Year day, adorned with garlands of currency notes of the denominations of Rs.50,100,500, and 1,000 for the total value of Rs.6,50,000. The crisp notes were donated by the devotees who regularly visit this particular temple dedicated to Lord Ganesa. In another temple in a suburb of Chennai, the idol of Bhadrakali (Durga) was decorated with garlands of currency notes of the value of Rs.5,50,100, and 500 worth Rs.2,00,000.





Fortune favours billionaire

Andrew Jack Whiteker of Chicago, owner of a construction firm worth billions of dollars, has won a lottery valued \$315,000,000—the biggest ever prize money offered. After paying taxes, he will be left with \$110,000,000 (more than Rs.5,00,00,00,000) which he proposes to donate to three churches and to spend on improving his business by taking back the employees he had retrenched not long ago.



Snoopy Park

Who is not a fan of Snoopy, that lovable character in Peanut comics? Well, all fans can look forward to a theme park entirely dedicated to Snoopy. This is almost ready for opening in Shunde, a city in Guangdong, a province in South China. Occupying more than 550,000 sq.m., the Snoopy Garden and Snoopy Playground have been built at a cost of 12.2 million dollars. It is claimed to be the first of its kind in the world.

Fit for a giant

Marikina, a suburban city of Manila, is generally considered as the "Shoe Capital" of the Philippines. It is now awaiting an entry in the *Guinness Book of Records* for stitching the longest pair of shoes in the world. Made of cordovan leather, the shoes are 5.5 m (more than 17 ft) high, nearly 2 m longer than a Turkish pair made in February 2000.



This robot can dance!

The latest in robotics is ASIMO, the world's first robot which walks and dances like a human being. It weighs 52kg, and is 1.2 metres tall. While dancing, the robot waits for an applause before resuming his act! Asimo was introduced at a show in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Pin-ning for a record

Brent Moffat, a 34-year-old Canadian, wanted to create a world record. He did something very unusual. He pierced his body with pins and needles-702 of them! He pushed them in all over his body - most of them on his legs and feet - in 8 hours. His target was 1,000 piercings, but by the time he reached 702, he could not bear the pain any longer! He was required to keep the pins in position for 5 minutes. After that, pulling them out was more painful, said Moffat. All through the exercise this resident of Manitoba listened to music with the help of headphones. The music must have taken away some of the pain! What do you say?



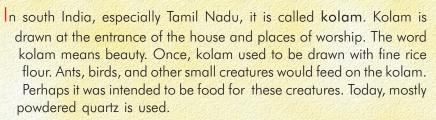


Rangoli is one of our great folk art forms. It is the art of painting or drawing beautiful designs on the floor, mostly the threshold, of houses. Rangoli is popular and widely practised in many parts of our country. And it goes by different names, too.

Decorating the floor with rangoli is believed to be auspicious. There are small everyday designs and there are also elaborate, intricate ones that are displayed on special occasions.

Although rangoli is called by different names and has many different forms in the country, there are some common factors, too. Many of the designs are based on geometric patterns with lines, dots, squares, circles, and triangles. Other popular patterns include the swastika, lotus, creepers, leaves, trees, and flowers.

Did you know? No gaps are left anywhere at all in the midst of the rangoli. This to prevent evil spirits from entering through these gaps!

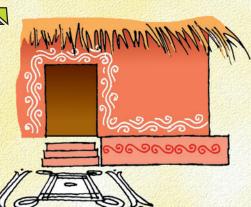


On festival days and occasions like weddings and birthdays, a thick paste of rice flour is made and intricate designs drawn on the floor. Only the thumb and the forefinger are used to draw the kolam.

During the Tamil month of *Marghazhi* (December - January), women get up even before dawn and draw special intricate kolams on their threshold.

In Andhra Pradesh, people draw kolams on the inner walls of their house. They are filled with colours. In Karnataka, the kolam is known as hali.

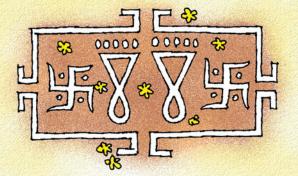






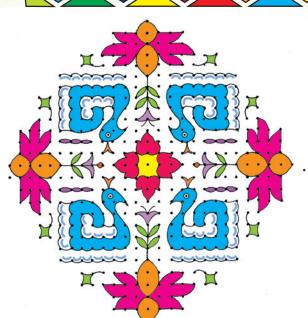
In Maharashtra and Gujarat, it is called rangoli. It is believed that rangoli originated in Maharashtra. This is similar to kolam. But the most important difference between kolam and rangoli is that that the rangoli is filled with colours, while the kolam is not. Rangoli colours come from coloured powders, dye or natural extracts. The most popular designs are motifs of leaves, flowers, animals like elephants, birds, and geometrical patterns.

In Kerala, beautiful designs are done on the floor during the Onam festival, and these are filled with flowers of different colours. This art form is known as pookkalam. The pookkalam is kept on display for all ten days of the festival and the flowers are changed every day.



Bengalis draw alpana on their thresholds on festive occasions. They use both geometric and floral patterns. There are alpanas for specific occasions. On the occasion of Lakshmi Puja, the alpana will include a pair of feet. These are meant to be the feet of Goddess Lakshmi and believed to usher in prosperity. Alpanas are made of various materials, like coloured rice, dal, dyes, and powders. These are made into pastes and applied on the floor with brushes.

- Text by Vidhya Raj.



35

JUST FOR YOU!

Isn't this a wonderful rangoli? Why don't you try to draw and colour it on the grid of dots given along-side?

PAID BACK RIGHTLY

Kandan was a poor farmer. He owned a small patch of land on which he grew brinjals, lady's fingers, and radishes. He sold the vegetables for a good price in the market in the nearby town.

One evening, he collected the brinjals and radishes in a large sack. 'I can reach the market right on time, if I set off before dawn,' he thought as he went towards the yard where his donkey was tied. But when he reached the yard, he had a shock. The donkey was missing! He checked all the places which his donkey would frequent, but there was no trace of the animal anywhere.

Kandan was sad. But, he quickly decided to ask Rajagopal the moneylender to help him out. Rajagopal lent money to the poor and collected a large amount of interest. He did not care about the curses and abuses they piled on him behind his back. All he wanted was to fill his coffers, until they overflowed.

Kandan went to
Rajagopal and asked him whether he
could rent out his donkey to him. "Ayya, I've to go to the
market tomorrow. But my donkey has run away. Will
you please lend me your donkey?"

Rajagopal usually gave his donkey for hire whenever a villager was in need. But how could he give it away to a simpleton like Kandan as soon as he had asked for it? So, he put on a grand air and said, "The hiring charges for one day will be Rs. 200. Do you have the money?"

Kandan was taken aback. Probably, he would earn only a few hundred rupees at the market tomorrow. What

would he take home if he paid a good chunk of it for hiring a donkey?

"Ayya, all I have is Rs. 75. Please be generous and rent out the donkey to me," pleaded Kandan.

"Go away. Do you think I own a donkey to give it away to you for nothing?" roared Rajagopal. He then

pretended to be thinking for a while. "All right. Give me that

Rs. 75 now. You can pay the rest when you come for the animal in the morning," he said with the tone of doing a great favour to Kandan.

Kandan had no choice.
All the villagers would be going to the market the next day and he could not think of anybody who would lend him a donkey or bullock cart.
He paid the advance silently and went home with a heavy heart.

At dawn, next day, Kandan came out of his house and what a surprise! His donkey had returned home. The animal was

rolling about on the pile of hay in the front yard. But Kandan was sad rather than happy. He yelled at the animal: "You good-for-nothing animal! Where did you go away yesterday? You've put me in a fix. I've paid an advance to that mean fellow and getting it back from him is not an easy task!"

Praying to all the village gods and goddesses whose names he could remember, Kandan went to Rajagopal's house. The moneylender had just then woken up. "Ayya, my donkey has returned. I don't want to hire your donkey anymore. Please give me back my money," Kandan bent up to his waist and tried to be as humble as he could.

"What money do you want me to return? Don't spoil my mood early in the morning. It is not my fault that you are not hiring the animal. I'm still ready to let you take the animal. So why should I give you back the money?" argued the crooked moneylender. Kandan was struck dumb. His lips quivered with emotion but he could not utter a single word in reply. The sum of Rs. 75 was too large to be ignored.

'How can I get back my money from that miser?' he racked his brain as he put his left hand on his head and sat on the *thinnai* (bench-like platform outside the house). Just then, Kandan's cousin Singaram came there. "Why *anna*, what happened? Why are you sitting with your hand on the head? Aren't you getting ready for the market?"

Words tumbled out of Kandan's mouth in jumbles and he started to sob. Singaram understood what had happened. He asked Kandan not to worry. "I'll ensure that Rajagopal returns your money to the last paisa," he assured. "Come, let's go to that crook's house."

As they reached the moneylender's home, Singaram said loudly, "Where is the donkey? Can we look at it?" Rajagopal was reclining in the open verandah of his home and reading a newspaper. His mouth was full with the juice of the betel leaves he was chewing and he pointed a finger at a donkey standing in the corner of his yard.

"But the donkey looks rather small, anna," remarked Singaram to Kandan. "I doubt if it can carry all our goods. You can hang your sack on the left side and mine can go on the right. Then, you can sit up in the front, and I'll sit right behind you," said Singaram.

"Two of you sitting on my donkey," sighed Rajagopal.

But Singaram did not seem to have heard him. He rambled on, "But what about little Babu! He wanted to come to the market, too. He had never been to one, the poor fellow. And if he comes, my daughter Raji will want to join us, too. We might have to put them on the donkey's neck. They're only small

children and wouldn't be very heavy. And mind you, *anna*, just hold on to them tightly. They are little kids and might slip off and hurt themselves."

Rajagopal stared, his mouth agape, but his mind mulled over the prospect of renting out the donkey.

'Seating two children on my donkey's neck! This man seems to be a ruffian, unlike Kandan. The donkey probably, will go sick or even be dead by the time they return from the market. I can't afford to lose a precious animal for a few hundred rupees!' he decided soon.

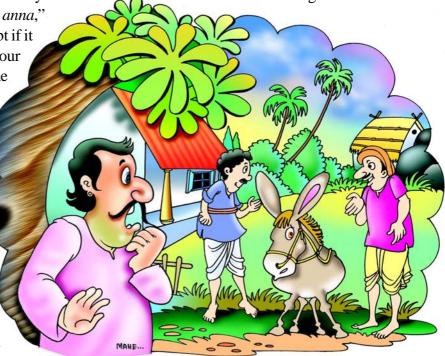
"Hey, hey, stop, stop! I've decided not to rent out my donkey to you fellows. Now quickly vacate this place," shouted Rajagopal.

"Hadn't you agreed to rent out the donkey, and taken an advance from Kandan?" asked Singaram.

"Yes, but I don't intend to do so now. Do you understand?" in a disapproving voice. "And here's your money." The moneylender pulled out a wad of notes from the pocket of his long *jibba* and counted out the money. He handed it over to Kandan.

"Wait, wait," shouted Singaram. "We have not come here to take back the advance. We have to go to the market and we need the donkey."

"But I don't intend do so ever. Take the money and go away," said Rajagopal. He was terribly annoyed with this notorious Singaram. The fellow was



trying to put him in serious trouble. The sooner he could be done with, the better.

"Ayya, it is now you who is not willing to spare the donkey. And you are just giving us Rs. 75. I remember you telling us that the hiring charge was Rs. 200. So, you should be paying us Rs. 200 and not just Rs. 75," said Singaram.

"Wh..what are you saying? You're trying to rob me of my money. Kandan gave me only Rs. 75," stammered out Rajagopal.

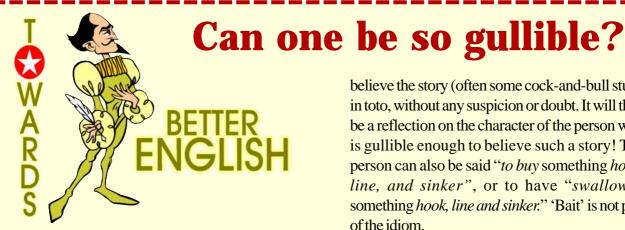
"Yes. But didn't you tell Kandan that he had to pay whether or not he hired the donkey. The same rule applies to you, too. Now you are backing out of the agreement. Give us Rs. 200 for troubling us by not renting out the donkey or we'll take the donkey with us," said Singaram and started walking towards the donkey.

Rajagopal was shocked. "Stop now. Take this money and leave my donkey alone," he counted out Rs. 200 and thrust it into Singaram's hand.

"Hmm... I told cousin Kandan you're a reasonable fellow," said Singaram. A happy Kandan followed Singaram back home.

"All right, are you happy now, anna? The crook will probably not trouble a single soul hereafter. Let me go. I've some urgent matter to attend. See you later," said Singaram and took leave of Kandan.

As Kandan walked towards his home, he reached for the string purse in his waist. And he remembered that the money Rajagopal returned was still with Singaram. "The rogue! He has cheated me. I still stand to lose my Rs. 75," Kandan lamented aloud! - Retold by Srikari



Reader S. Mahadeo Desai of Porbandar asks: What does the expression "Hook, line, and sinker" mean? Sometimes I find 'bait' being used instead of 'sinker'. Is it correct?

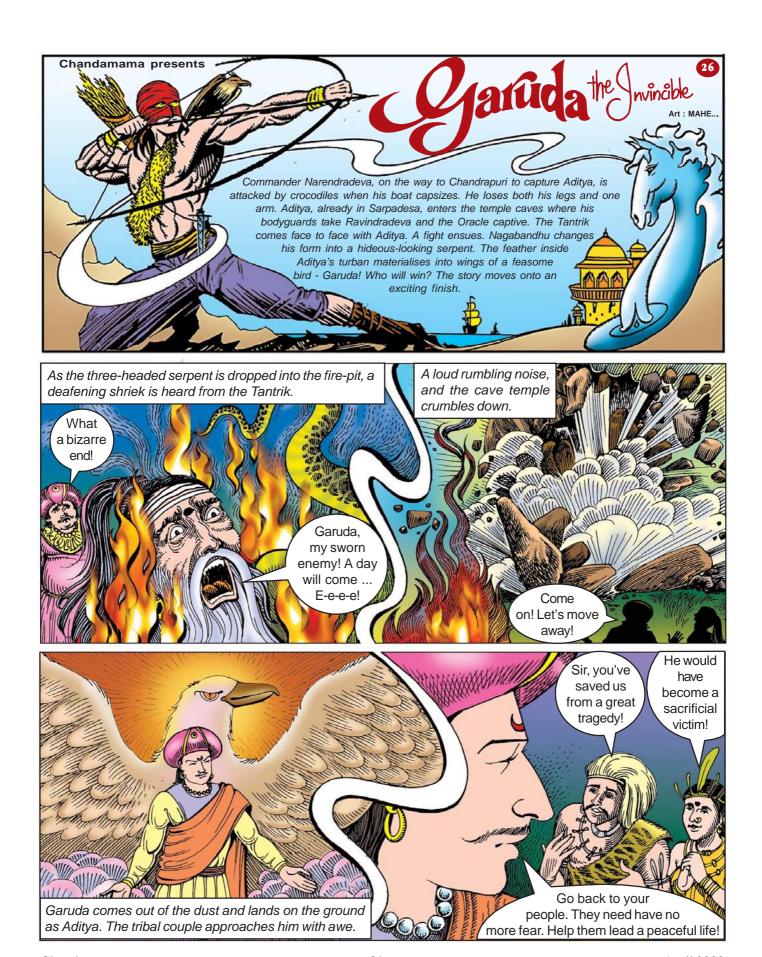
The English language has borrowed the expression from fishing, or angling, in which the bait is attached to the hook; line is the cord tied to the fishing rod; and sinker is the weight used for taking the line as deep as possible. The fish sometimes swallows, along with the bait, the hook as well as a part of the line, and naturally the weight also. Now there's no escape for the gullible fish! We can say, the fish has "fallen" for the hook, line, and sinker!

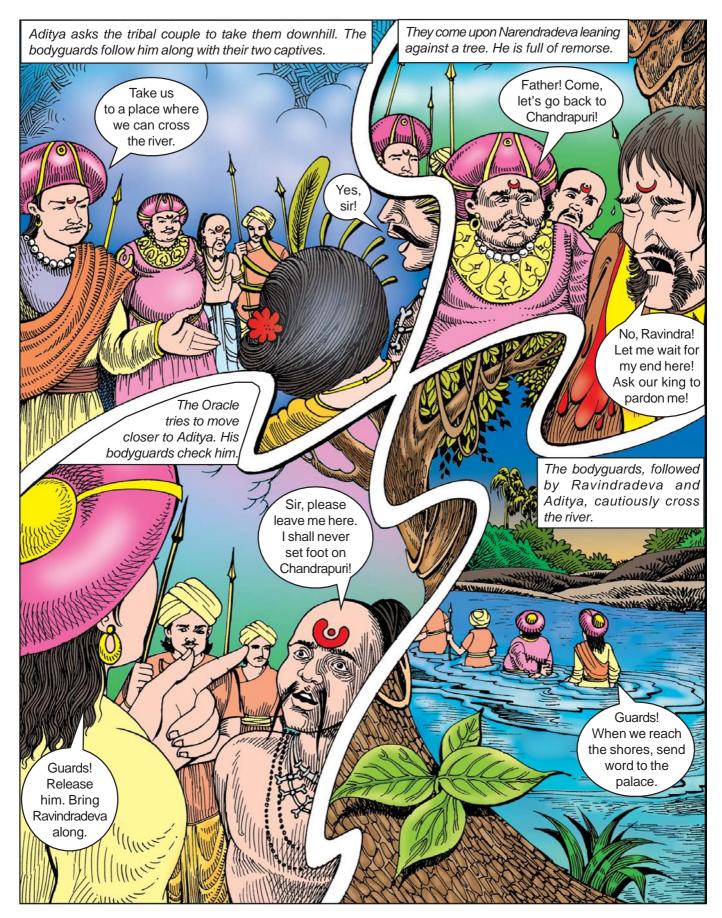
Similarly, someone comes and tells you a story, and you fall for it hook, line, and sinker! You

believe the story (often some cock-and-bull stuff) in toto, without any suspicion or doubt. It will then be a reflection on the character of the person who is gullible enough to believe such a story! The person can also be said "to buy something hook, line, and sinker", or to have "swallowed something hook, line and sinker." 'Bait' is not part of the idiom.

Reader Karunakara Hegde of Mandya writes: "I know of the five senses. What does "sixth sense" mean? Where do we get it from?

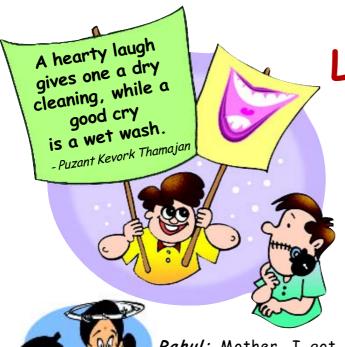
The five senses, as everybody knows, are smell, sight, taste, hearing, and touch. These senses are perceptible. Sometimes one gets an uncanny feeling that something is about to happen something which one cannot see, hear, smell, taste, or touch - till the happening takes place. It is not as if one is really anticipating it or wishing it to happen. Very often this could be something bad. One has only an intuitive feeling, and when it actually happens, one reminds oneself: "Ah! I knew it would happen!" This 'sixth sense' is something you cannot share with anybody.











Laugh till you drop!

Nita: This hot weather gets me down.

Rita: Well, you can throw the thermometer out of the window and watch the temperature drop!



ശജാശജാ

A girl was standing at the pedestrain crossing and crying.

"Why are you crying?" enquired an elderly man.

"My mother had warned me not to cross the street in front of a bus, but to wait until it passes. But I can't see any bus on this street at all!"

Rahul: Mother, I got a hundred in school today.

Mother: That's great! What

did you get a hundred for?

Rahul: Three things. I got 40 in Maths, 30 in Science, and 30 in English.

യുതയു

Rahul: Which dog wears contact lens? Nisha: A cock-eyed

spaniel.



യമായു

Mother: Ravi, I had left two cakes in the tin. Now there's only one. How's that?

Ravi: I didn't put the light on, so I couldn't see the other



Dushtu Dattu

Dattu's parents order too many dishes at the hotel. They don't want to waste it. Daddy has an idea.





one.



INDIAN OCY

Story of Ganesa

16. Agasthya and Vatapi Ganapati

Krishna and Balarama performed the wedding of their sister Subhadra with the Pandava prince Arjuna. Krishna's consort Satyabhama gave a wedding gift to Subhadra - the Symantaka. Thus the precious gem came into the possession of the Pandavas.

With the help of the wealth brought in by Symantaka, Yudhishthira conducted the Rajasuya Yagna. The Kaurava prince Duryodhana became jealous of the Pandavas and schemed to bring about their downfall. The Pandavas had Dhaumya as their priest. From the moment the gem came to the Pandavas, he was cautioning them that it had some malefic influence and they should, therefore, discard it as quick as possible. Arjuna took the gem and went to a forest, where he stuck the gem to an arrow and shot it far, far away.

However, the gem did not take away all of the misfortunes of the Pandavas, for they lost everything in a game of dice with the Kauravas and they had to spend fourteen long years in the forest as insisted on by Duryodhana and his brothers. During their wanderings, the Pandavas were met by sage Narada who advised them to worship Vighneswara who alone, the sage said, would remove all obstacles in retrieving their lost glory.

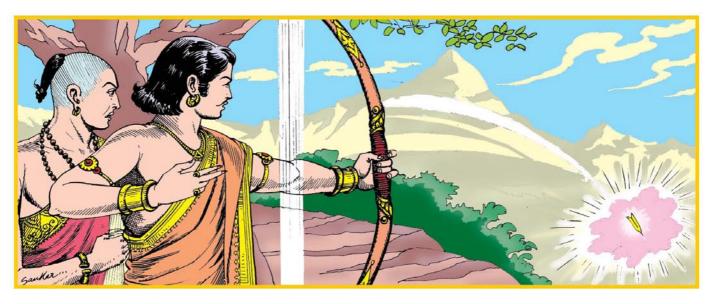
With the help of Dhaumya, the Pandava princes observed penance and performed rites to propitiate

Vighneswara before they ended their one year's life incognito, as had been stipulated by the Kauravas.

When the Kauravas refused to return the kingdom of Hastinapura to the Pandavas, war became inevitable. The 18-day war saw the annihilation of the Kaurava brothers, their army, and their cohorts. Yudhishthira ascended the throne of Hastinapura, and he decided to conduct the Aswamedha Yagna to establish Pandava suzerainty over the other kingdoms.

The yagna horse was sent to roam the land and Arjuna led the retinue of soldiers that followed the horse. Dhaumya was also in the entourage. Whichever kingdoms the horse tread, the rulers there accepted Yudhishthira's supremacy and agreed to be his vassals.

At one place, the horse suddenly stopped. A bewildered Arjuna turned to Dhaumya, who merely said, "Let's proceed, and I shall explain everything by and by." The Pandava prince walked behind the priest, and they were followed by the soldiers. They soon came upon a huge city. Almost in the middle of the city, there was a huge image of Vighneswara, carved out of a rock. The figure looked beautiful. "Arjuna, this city is Vatapi, and this idol is called Vatapimoorti. That is how the local people address Ganapati. You may now worship the Lord and seek His blessings. This was installed here by sage





Agasthya; I shall tell you more about this wonderful idol as we walk along." And this was what Dhaumya told Arjuna:

River Ganga flowed into the begging bowl of sage Kaver, and when the water spilled from the bowl, it flowed out as Kaveri. She assumed the form of a beautiful girl whom the sage accepted as his daughter. One day, sage Agasthya came that way and happened to see Kaveri and was attracted by her beauty. He expressed a desire to marry her. To which Kaver responded by saying, "Agasthya, we've also to ascertain the wishes of Kaveri."

One day, Kaveri confided in Agasthya that she wished to marry Sahyadri, the mountain range. So, Agasthya led her to Sahyadri. Kaveri saw a beautiful lotus in a lake among the peaks, and got into the water to pluck the flower. The moment she touched the lotus, Kaveri turned into a river and flowed down from the Sahyadri peaks.

Agasthya now had only memories of the beautiful girl who had given him company for some days. He began a severe *tapas* and when he came out of his meditation, he had transformed himself into a Maharshi. In the course of his wanderings, Agasthya came upon the spirits of his ancestors. He was horrified to see them hanging upside down from the branches of a tree. "Who are you?" queried Agasthya. "And how did you come to such a pass?"

One of them then replied: "Someone called Agasthya has been born into our family. We've been cursed to this

fate till he marries and begets a child." Almost at the same time, the Maharshi heard a mysterious voice that told him of a daughter born to the King of Vidarbha who had fallen in love with Kaveri. The king called his daughter Lopamudra and was very fond of her.

So, when Agasthya went and sought her hand in marriage, the king hesitated. How could he give away his lovely daughter to someone who survived on fruits and roots growing in forests and jungles? Of course, he knew that if he did not agree to the Maharshi's wish, the sage might even curse him and his

daughter. On noticing her father's dilemma, Lopamudra pacified him. "Don't worry, father, please give me in marriage to Agasthya."

After their wedding, Lopamudra started living in the hermitage of Agasthya. He revealed to her why he had to take a wife who would bear him children. Lopamudra then pointed at her ragged clothes and said, "By marrying me, do you think you have shed your responsibilities? Please remember that I had lived like a princess and it is your duty to get me clothes and ornaments that befit a princess."

Maharshi Agasthya was not sure how he would fulfil the demand of Lopamudra. He approached some of the kings who were either not willing to help him or were not in a position to extend any help. The sage felt frustrated. As he wended his way through the forest, he came upon a rock on which, he thought, he saw the image of Vighneswara. The Maharshi appealed to the Lord to spell a way out of his predicament.

"O! Sage! You're making your request to a mere rock!" said Vighneswara.

"O Vighneswara! You're the Lord to remove all obstacles. Please bless me by appearing before me," requested Agasthya prostrating before the rock.

"As you wish, Agasthya!" said the Lord before disappearing.

However, when the Maharshi got up, what he saw was a wonderful image of Vighneswara. (*To continue*)





Indium

Indium is a soft, ductile, lustrous silvery, metal element. Its symbol is In. Its element number is 49. It has an atomic weight of 114.82. F. Reich and H. Richter discovered it in 1863 in the ore zinc blende. It is very rare like silver. It is found in minerals with zinc, iron and lead ores. The element was named Indigo, the colour of the brightest line in its spectrum.

Indium can remain in liquid state over a wide range of temperatures. It is more corrosive resistant than Silver. It can be used to form mirror surfaces. It reflects as well as silver. Indium does not oxidise at room temperature. But when it is heated above its melting point, it burns with a violet

flame. The oxide formed is used in the manufacture of glass. It is used to give a yellow colour.

Indium is also used as a coating in bearings. Indium resists acids and abrasions. Compounds of indium are used in transistors and in solar batteries.

Inflammation

Do you hear an ooh, an aah and an ouch? That must be someone who is injured. When our

body gets injured or infected, it reacts by getting inflamed. Whenever the skin is broken and the cells inside are injured or when germs invade the body, inflammation occurs.

Inflammation causes swelling, reddishness, and soreness over the area of injury or infection. The broken cells cause the local capillaries to dilate and ooze blood into the injured area. The blood that gathers around the spot raises the temperature of that area. This speeds up the cell metabolism and new cells are formed.

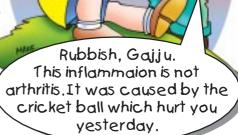
The dead cells in that area are carried away by the white blood cells. The bacteria present there are also destroyed. What we call the pus at the site of an injury usually comprises the dead white cells and the bacteria.

An important step in the healing of an inflammation is

the immunity of the body cells. They produce antibodies that destroy many germs.

However, there are inflammations that do not involve bacteria. The medical names of some of the common inflammations are appendicitis, tonsillitis, arthritis, and neuritis.

Ouch, Guru, my knee pains. I thinkI have arthritis.





I'm trying to talk with

the stars





Interstellar communication

Interstellar communication refers to any communication between any star, planet, or galaxy and earth. It also refers to any kind of message or signal that passes between the stars, planets, and earth.

Interstellar communication is a relatively new concept. It began in 1957 when the radio telescope was first constructed. This was placed at Jodrell Bank, England. The instrument consisted of a parabolic reflecting dish that was 76m in diameter. A radio antenna for receiving and sending signals was incorporated to this.

The radio telescope received and sent radar signals or blips, between the earth and any outer space object. It also tracks

man-made satellites, rockets and space vehicles that travel beyond earth's atmosphere. It reaches thousands and thousands of light years away to pick up any signals from the remote stars or galaxies.

There is one great problem regarding the communication between the earth and other celestial bodies. It is a problem related to time and space. The radio beams can travel at the speed of light - 300,000 km/sec. Many of the stars and galaxies we want to communicate with are several hundred light years away from us. The trouble is that we cannot wait for answers. We can simply receive any signals, originated many light years ago, from these bodies.

Activity

Given below are a few words that are in jumble. Unscramble them to find what they are. The clues will help you solve them. All the words begin with ISO

- 1. Different elements having the same atomic number are called SORIAB.
- 2. The particular arrangement of protons and neutrons of an element is known as PTSOEOI.
- 3. Compounds having the same molecular formula but different structures are called OMSIRE.
- 4. The common name for crustaceans belonging to the order Isopoda is ODOSIP.
- 5. The line drawn on a weather map connecting places having the same temperature is known as HRITOMES.

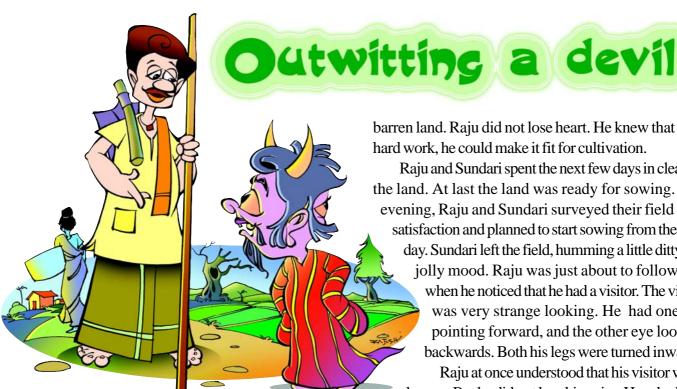
5. Isotherm , lsopod,

3. Isomer,

2. Isotope,

1. Isobar, : SY9WSNA

- Compiled by Vidhya Raj



Raju was a young peasant. He was intelligent and industrious. As he did not have any landed property, he worked on several farms to earn his living. His wife Sundari was also intelligent and hardworking. She helped her husband in the fields where he worked. The landlords he worked for gave Raju a share of the yield.

Then there came a time when Raju could get no work at all. Both Raju and Sundari were very upset. "We're hard and sincere workers, and yet we've no work today!" said Raju sadly. "We wouldn't have faced this problem if only we had a piece of land that we can call our own! We can work on our field and not depend on others for work. And we can have all the harvest for ourselves," suggested Sundari.

"You know very well that we do not have enough money to buy any land," said Raju.

"Why don't you approach the village patwari? I've saved a few bags of the best quality of rice harvested this season. Let's offer him a bag of this in exchange for a plot of land," suggested Sundari.

Raju thought that it was a good idea. He approached the village patwari with this proposal and, to his delight, the man accepted it. The patwari allotted him a piece of land in the outskirts of the village. The land was strewn with boulders and had been entered in the records as barren land. Raju did not lose heart. He knew that with hard work, he could make it fit for cultivation.

Raju and Sundari spent the next few days in clearing the land. At last the land was ready for sowing. One evening, Raju and Sundari surveyed their field with satisfaction and planned to start sowing from the next day. Sundari left the field, humming a little ditty in a jolly mood. Raju was just about to follow her, when he noticed that he had a visitor. The visitor was very strange looking. He had one eye pointing forward, and the other eye looking backwards. Both his legs were turned inwards.

Raju at once understood that his visitor was a demon. But he did not lose his poise. He asked him politely and confidently, "Who are you, sir? What can I do for you?"

"I'm the owner of this land and you're guilty of trying to take it over!" replied the demon.

"But, sir the *patwari* has allotted this plot to me," answered back Raju.

"To hell with the *patwari!* He's an unscrupulous fellow. He'll do anything for a little money."

Raju understood that it was no use arguing with the devil. Then in a pacifying tone he said, "Sir, I've been tilling and working on other people's land all my life. Why don't you give me the privilege of tilling yours, too?"

The demon was flattered by Raju's respectful tone and humble words. He nodded his approval and said, "You may do so. But you must pay me half of what you harvest."

Raju was a clever man. He thanked the demon humbly and asked, "Would you like to have the upper half or lower half of the crop, your honour?"

"The upper half," said the demon nonchalantly and walked away.

Raju then rushed back home and narrated the whole incident to Sundari. They discussed the situation and decided to grow turnips on the farm.

The demon visited the field occasionally. He was

eager to get his share of the vegetable crop, from what had been an unproductive plot.

When the turnips were fully grown, Raju and Sundari came to the farm to reap the harvest. They cut all the green leaves and turnip tops and piled them up for the demon. They then dug out the turnips and carted them to the market for sale.

When the demon came, Raju, with folded hands, offered him the green leaves that were lying in a heap in a corner of the field. "Leaves? Pshaw! What's this?" roared the demon.

"Sir, you had asked for the upper half of the crop. This is it. The lower parts are the vegetables and they belong to us, as per our agreement," answered Raju pleasantly. The demon realised that he had been fooled. He howled in fury and left the place, swearing to get even with Raju. When the next sowing season came around, the demon returned to the field again.

Raju respectfully asked him, "Sir, what part of the crop may it please your honour to have this time?"

"The lower half, of course," said the demon in a tone of authority.

Raju promised to give him what he asked. Then he returned home and discussed the issue with Sundari. This time they decided to raise a crop of barley.

When the green plants turned ripe and yellow, Raju and Sundari harvested the barley. This time, they took the upper half of the plant which had the grain and left the lower half with the stalks and root for the demon.

The demon was in for a surprise when he came to collect his share of the crop. This time there was only a heap of roots waiting for him. But he put on a brave face and did not let his frustration show. His resolve to take

revenge on Raju became stronger. So, when the next sowing season came, he told Raju, "I want to have both the upper and the lower half of the plant. You can have the middle portion."

Raju and Sundari decided to raise maize on the field this time. When the crop was ready for harvest, they both went to the field with sickles and bags. They left the lofty crowns of the plants and the roots for the demon and they took the central stalks with the luscious cobs on them!

When the demon came to collect his share, he realised that he had been outwitted again! Feeling crushed, he decided to leave the land to Raju and go away from the village forever. Needless to say, his decision was greeted with great delight by Raju and Sundari.





THAT'S SCIENCE FOR YOU

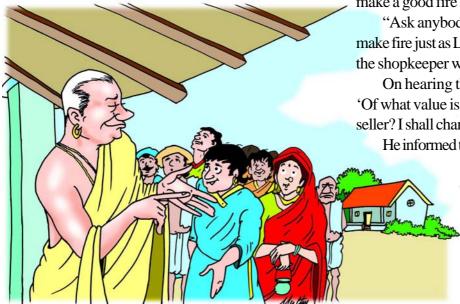
Egyptians wrote on papyrus before 3500 B.C., even during the Stone Age. Papyrus was made from the pith obtained from the stem of a grass-like plant called sedge that grew abundantly in the Nile delta. This was easily manufactured into writing sheets and was ideal for the semi-arid climatic conditions of Egypt. Wonder who first looked at the sedge plant and imagined that its pith could be processed into papyrus?

The Scholar's Fancy

In a certain village lived a scholar, named Lambodar. However, he was popularly known as Lamboo Pundit.

He was well-versed in astrology and the scriptures. As such, he was in great demand. At least a dozen people visited him every day, affectionately addressing him as Lamboo Pundit. However, the seniors called him simply Lamboo.

Lambodar disliked the way they shortened his name. In course of his talks with the people, he always referred



to himself as Pundit Lambodar. But the villagers were too naïve to take the hint. It was the shorter version of his name that continued to be in circulation.

'The defect lies in my name. It is rather long. I should choose myself a name, which should be short and at the same time dignified. Let it be Shiva,' he thought.

From the next day he told the villagers that he had changed his name to Shiva, and they should to address him as Pundit Shiva.

But old habits die hard. The villagers continued to call him Lamboo or Lamboo Pundit.

Disgusted, the scholar took a grim decision: he would leave his own village and settle down at a new place where he could introduce himself by his new name.

He chose a prosperous village, a few miles away, for his new home. There is a saying, a king is adored only within the boundary of his kingdom; but a scholar receives adoration wherever he goes. This proved true in the case of Lambodar. He became quite popular in his new surroundings. Needless to say, the people there knew him only as Pundit Shiva.

One day, while buying firewood, the scholar's wife asked the shopkeeper, "Are these chips dry enough to make a good fire?"

"Ask anybody and you will hear that Shiva's chips make fire just as Lord Shiva's third eye does!" exclaimed the shopkeeper whose name was also Shiva.

On hearing this, the scholar fell into a depression. 'Of what value is the name which is that of a fire wood-seller? I shall change my name to Vishnu,' he thought.

He informed the villagers of his decision. But the poor

people of that locality, who were much devoted to Lord Shiva, had only Shiva on their lips. They found if difficult to address the scholar by any other name.

The scholar got annoyed. He went and settled down in a new town, where the people came to know him

as Pundit Vishnu.

Days passed happily for the scholar. He earned well and was pleased with the popularity of his new name.

One afternoon, a mendicant entertained him to a song. The last line of the song had its composer's name, Vishnu.

"Who is this Vishnu?" asked the scholar.

"Who but myself! I sing my own songs!" replied the mendicant, who had by then extended his hands for alms.

At once the scholar developed an awful distaste for his name. From the very next hour he began telling all who visited him to call him Pundit Amar.

But the people of that village were devotees of Vishnu. They found it uncomfortable to address him by his new name.

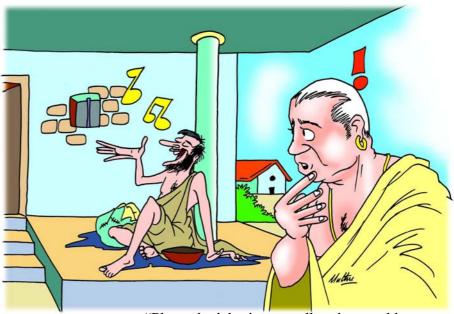
The scholar left that town and took residence in another town.

To his great satisfaction he became known as Pundit Amar. Soon he grew popular for his knowledge of astrology. He earned well.

One day his maid did not turn up for work. Next day, she explained that she had to remain with a neighbour who lost her new-born son. "She had named him Amar—in honour of you. She thought it was an auspicious name. A great pity!"

The scholar had his head hung. Soon he packed up to return to his native village.

"Come, come, Lamboo—er—Pundit Shiva!" exclaimed the villagers, whoever saw him.



"Please don't hesitate to call me by my old name— Lamboo!" insisted the scholar. Lambodar realised that shortening of a name is nothing disrespectful.

★ I have heard of the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem; where is the Bridge of Sighs?

- Maya Miranda, Mangalore.

The Bridge of Sighs is in Venice. It was constructed in the 16th century, and connected the Doge's Palace with the old state prison across the Rio di Palazzo. When the convicts were led from the side of Doge's Palace to the prison, they knew that there would be no return for them as they were being taken for

execution. It can be presumed that they would have heaved many sighs which might have gone unheard.

★ Is Robinson Crusoe's Island real or fictitious?- Premnath Chatterjee, 24

Daniel Defoe had woven his

famous adventure story of *Robinson Crusoe* around the real-life experiences of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish sailor who left *Cinque Ports* when it anchored near the island known as Juan Fernandez off the coast of Chile. He went to explore it and found it uninhabited. He wanted to go back to his

ship, but saw it moving away. He was ultimately rescued after five years.

★ What is the significance of a 'red letter day'? - V.K. Kurien, Quilon

The calendars of olden times prepared by religious bodies - unlike the ones we come upon these days, many of which we receive as complimentaries on the eve of the New Year and which invariably adorn the walls of our homes - used to have certain days,

like Saints' Day, marked in red ink, to help people remember to observe those days. This practice was followed in later years when calendars had all Sundays, holidays, and special days, like festivals, marked in red. The expression thus takes its origin from this practice, and it has come

to mean an important day when some noteworthy event or celebration is expected to take place. It is an interesting fact that the Anglican Book of Common Prayers has 29 red letter days. Children of devout Anglicans could once upon a time enjoy leave of absence from schools on red letter days!



Three Copper Coins

Chiang was a tobacco seller. He was too poor to own a shop, so he pedalled his wares in the streets. He would put the tobacco into two wicker baskets, which he slung on either side of a pole. Then placing the pole across his shoulders he would set out from home early every morning.

One morning, Chiang was wending his way through a very crowded street, when an old man, dressed in rags, patted him on the back. Chiang stopped and turned round to see who had tapped him and on seeing him he asked, "What do you want, old man?"

"Young fellow, will you sell me enough tobacco to fill my pipe?" Saying this, the old man took a clay pipe with a narrow mouth, out of his pocket. Chiang nodded his consent and looked for a spot where he could put his baskets down. But the street was so crowded with people, vehicles, and animals that it was impossible for him to find a convenient place. So he asked the

old man to help himself to the tobacco.

The old man took a pinch of tobacco from one of Chiang's baskets and put it into his pipe. Then he took another pinch and another and still his pipe was not filled. Chiang watched saucereyed with amazement and wonder, as the old man took pinch after pinch of tobacco from his baskets, until both the baskets were near empty. Then pressing three coppers into Chiang's hand, the old man lit his pipe and disappeared into the crowd, smiling contentedly.

Chiang was very angry with himself for allowing the old man to empty both his baskets and for accepting only three coppers in return. He threw the three coppers into the basket behind him and made

his way home, in a very bad mood.

'Not only have I made a bad bargain; but now my empty basket weighs more than it did before,' he muttered to himself, as the rear basket began to weigh him down. Soon it became so heavy that he could not carry it any longer and had to put it down on the road. Looking inside he found that the basket was almost full of coppers and the pile of coins kept on growing before his very eyes. It took every ounce of his strength to put both the full and the empty basket on his head and to stagger home with them. On reaching home, he stumbled across the doorstep and scattered the coppers all over the room. He picked up all the coins one by one and put them into a chest, in which he had kept the few treasures he possessed.

Then Chiang went out into his backyard and lighting his pipe, began to make plans for the future. He was very pleased now that he had allowed the old man to empty

both his baskets of tobacco without saying a harsh word to him. Obviously the coins that the

old man had paid him with were magic ones. After some time, he heard strange clinking noises coming from the house. Imagine his surprise, when he hurried inside and found that

so much that they had forced open the lid of the chest and were spilling on to the floor. Chiang spent the rest of the day collecting the coins and filling every bin and tin that he owned with them.

Chiang was now a happy man.
But the more his coppers multiplied,
the more avaricious and moneycrazy he became. So he decided to
make more money, the easy way, by
becoming a pawnbroker.

As time went by, Chiang's new business flourished and his coppers kept

increasing as well. Chiang was now a changed man. He became more and more ruthless. He took advantage of poor people, who were in dire need of money, by lending them money and charging them very high interest. So much so, he became one of the richest men in the land.

One morning, his first customer of the day was a very old man, who brought a bag with him containing some silver ornaments for sale.

Chiang examined the ornaments and in the ingratiating manner that pawnbrokers have, said, "These ornaments have more copper than silver in them. How much are you expecting for them?"

"Three coppers," replied the customer.

Chiang could not believe his ears. The ornaments were of pure silver and were worth quite a substantial amount. Hurrying to his vault, Chiang quickly locked the silver ornaments in a safe. Then going to his chest he

took out three coppers wondering all the time if the old man would change his mind by the time he got back. But Chiang's

fears were unfounded, because the old man was still there waiting patiently for the three coppers. He smiled and, putting them in his pocket, he walked away.

The next morning when Chiang went into his vault he was very surprised and shocked to find that his pile of coppers and the silver ornaments had vanished.

Chiang realized how foolish he had been. He had become so greedy for money, that he had not recognized the old man who had visited him yesterday. He was

the same old man who had given him his first three coppers.

Chiang learnt his lesson a bit late — that when God has provided in plenty, one should not attach too much importance to money and should never resort to mean ways of making more.

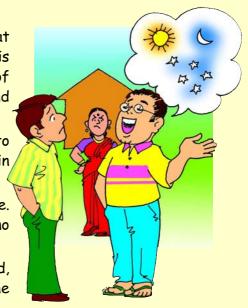
Nothing is wanting, except...

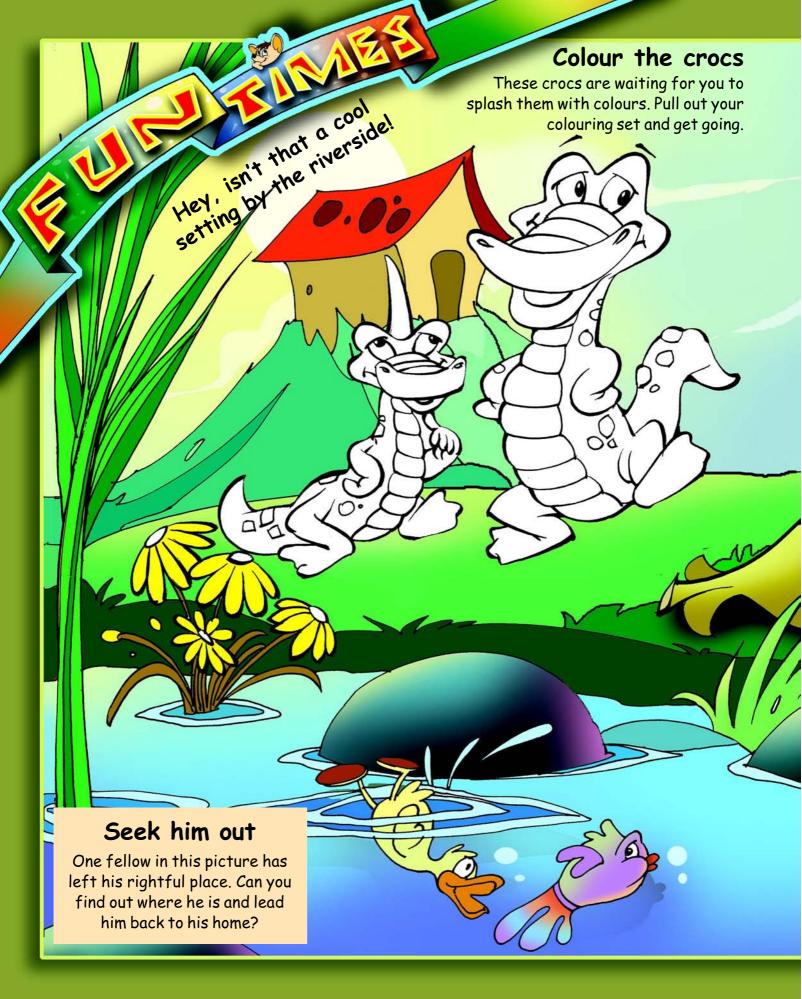
Robert was a very poor man but he loved to pretend that he was rich and prosperous. He would make vain boasts to his friends about his wealth and his fashionable wardrobe - all of which were lies. His wife and children would hear his tales and feel sore about it.

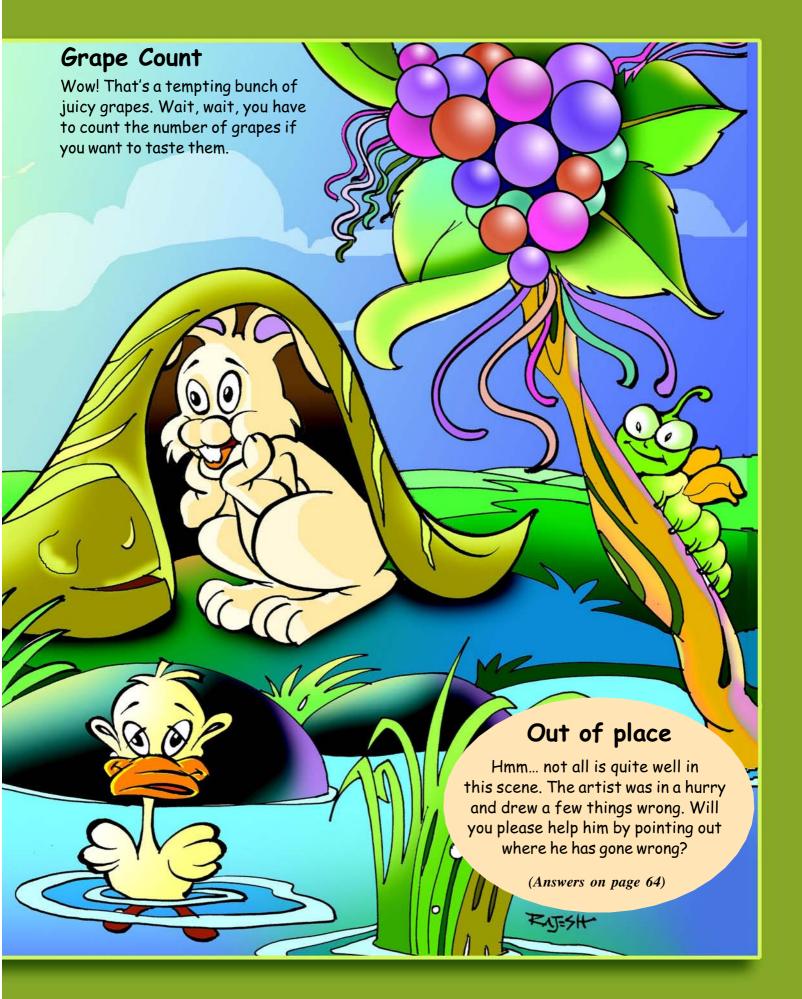
One day, Robert brought home a new friend. "Welcome to my house," he said grandly. "Here you will find everything in the world, except the sun, the moon and the stars."

His wife, who heard these words, could not bear any more. She dashed up to her husband angrily and said, "There's no firewood in the house to cook your lunch today!"

But Robert was not perturbed. Without blinking an eyelid, he continued as if nothing had happened. "Except the sun, the moon, the stars, and firewood to cook our lunch!"









Dear eco friends,

Summer is on its way.

And a lot of you might be travelling by train to some cool holiday destination. Learn to be a responsible traveller. This month

we tell you how to be one. So go ahead and have a happy vacation!

Love



Think Link

If you are planning to plant saplings in your garden, you must first make a list of the most common trees and plants that you see in the city of your residence. This will give you an idea of what plants grow best under the weather and soil conditions that prevail in your area. And plant only those species.

You might have a fancy to plant exotic and rare plants, but they may just not suit the weather conditions and you may be disappointed when they die or don't grow well.

Say no to train trails!

How would you feel if your house were near a railway line, and every day you were subjected to a trail of litter left behind by the passing trains? Wouldn't you be angry or upset? Well, that's exactly what millions of us leave behind as we travel on trains! A trail of trash (plastic cups, plastic plates, plastic water bottles, degradable matter like banana peels, egg shells, etc) along the railway tracks, with little concern for the residents of the villages and towns along the way.

Here are a few things that you could do to be a more responsible traveller:

• Carry your own glass, so that you could refuse a disposable glass for the coffee/tea or cold drink that you wish to have.

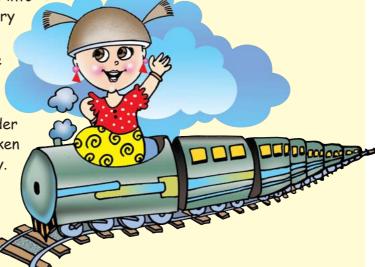
 Carry your own water bottle, don't slip into the habit of buying bottled water on every journey.

If you have to dispose off litter, then here are a few tips to do it in a more responsible way:

• Keep all non-biodegradable waste under your seat...it will surely be picked up and taken away for recycling at some major town or city.

• Throw your biodegradable waste out of the train ONLY after you make sure that the place is not close to human habitation.

- By Sujatha Padmanabhan, Kalpavriksh



New bags from old newspapers

You'll need newspapers, homemade glue, jute string, and a pair of scissors.

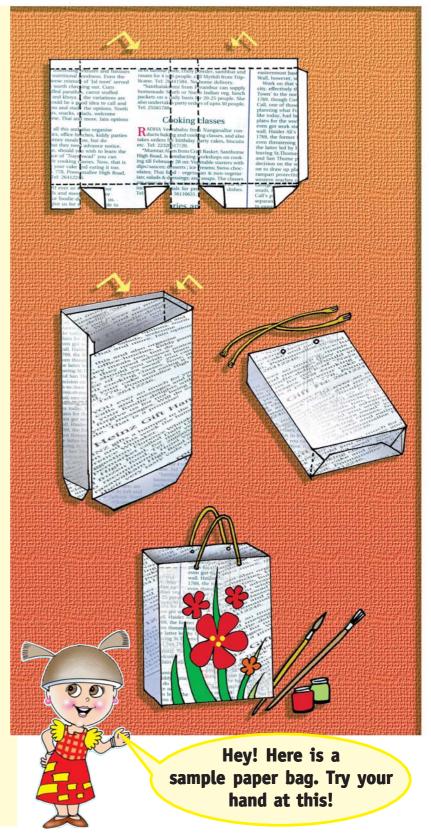
Add a tablespoon of maida flour to a cup of water and bring it to a boil. Your homemade glue is ready. Collect the jute strings your grocer uses to tie your grocery packets and recycle them.

First, pull out a two-page section of the newspaper and stick the pages together. Now mark lines with a felt pen as shown in the picture. It is not necessary to follow exact measurements. Just make sure that the two sides of the bag have the same measurements.

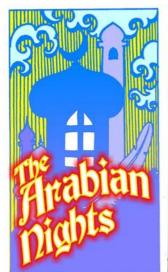
Fold the top portion in and paste it. Mark the bottom segment as shown in the picture and cut out the folded segments. Gently make a crease along the lines you have drawn and fold the paper to form a bag. Now glue the flaps at the bottom. You can add support to the bottom by lining it with chart paper or thin cardboard.

Punch two holes at the top portion of both sides of the bag. Insert the jute strings through the holes and knot them.

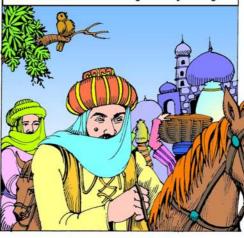
Your paper bag is now ready. You can make it colourful by painting pictures on it. You might even cut out pictures from old magazines and greeting cards and paste them on the bag. You can vary the size of the bag to suit your needs. Apart from newspapers, you can use any thick paper, like calendar sheets, to make a bag.



The Arabian Nights: The Costly Apple

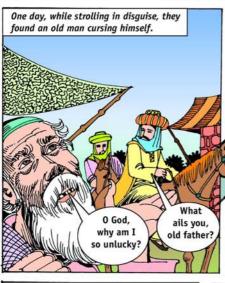


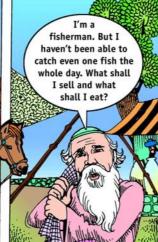
Long, long ago, Baghdad was ruled by a wise Caliph called Harun-al-Rashid. He and his Wazir, Zaafar, would roam the streets in disguise every evening.

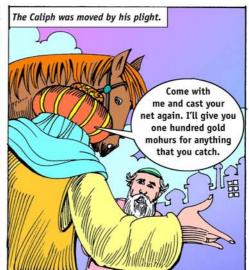


They would stop by to talk to the common people to find out if all was well in the kingdom.







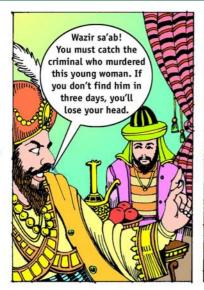


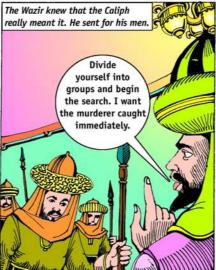




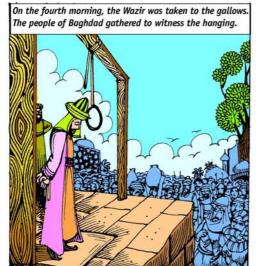


The Arabian Nights: The Costly Apple





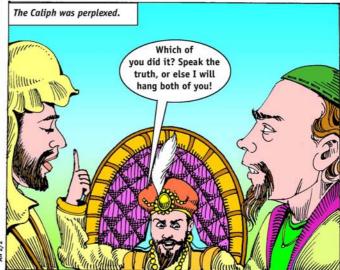




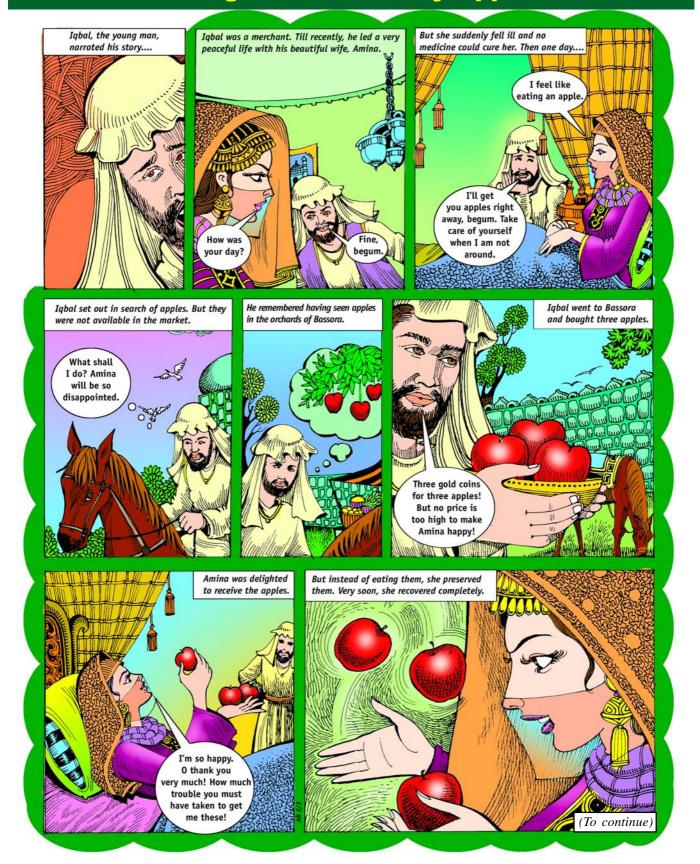








The Arabian Nights: The Costly Apple







world cup 2003 Records



Lowest

of all

As we go to press, the league matches have concluded and the 'Super Six' teams have been identified. The month long first-round matches have thrown up some new records.

Highest number of runs, wickets

Sachin Tendulkar scored 52 runs against Holland in India's first

match against Holland. When he reached 25, he became the highest run-scorer in World Cup history. His aggregate then was 1,083 runs which went past the Pakistan batsman Javed Miandad's record. It was Sachin's 23rd World Cup match. Miandad had made that

many runs in 33 matches. By the end of the group stage, Sachin's tally had reached 469 runs. In the same match, Javagal Srinath took his 300th



wicket in one-dayers. He is the second Indian bowler to reach that figure, Anil Kumble being the first. It was Srinath's 30th wicket in World Cup, surpassing Kapil Dev's 28. One-time World
Champions Sri Lanka
skittled out Canada for 36
all out in 18.4 overs and
replied with 37 runs for the
loss of one wicket in 4.4
overs. Canada's was the lowest

score recorded in World Cup matches, as well as one-dayers. In 1979, in their match against England, that country took 45, runs which is a shade better than the country's performance this year.

A milestone in bowling

A world record now stands in the name of Pakistan's Wasim Akram who has taken 500 wickets in one-dayers. He

created history when he dismissed Nick Statham of Holland for a duck at Paarl. It was his 354th match, which is yet another record.

Hat-trick with a difference

When Sri Lanka's Chaminda Vaas took three wickets in the first three deliveries in the first over itself, he was creating cricket history. It was an extraordinary hat-trick. A fourth wicket in that very over came as a bonus. His was the third hat-trick in World Cup matches. Chetan Sharma of India and Saqlain Mushtaq of Pakistan had made hat-tricks, but in the 6th and 7th overs in the 1987 and



1999 World Cup matches respectively. Sri Lanka were playing Bangladesh. Incidentally, Vaas had dismissed a batsman off the very first ball on five occasions in limited overs matches.

The first match, first century

The first match of the 8th World Cup was between hosts South Africa and West Indies, champions of the first and second

World Cup of 1975 and 1979. West Indies won. Brian Lara made 116 runs and was declared Man of the Match - his 28th MoM award in a career of 204 one-dayers, and 4th in 20 World Cup matches. Lara's was his 16th century in one-dayers. Incidentally, he played with a bat which has Sachin Tendulkar's autograph!



Century on maiden appearance

Craig Wishart of Zimbabwe was playing in a World Cup match for the first time. He scored 172 not out against Namibia. He became the ninth batsman in history to score a century on first appearance. His 172 n.o. was the fifth highest in

World Cup matches. The record (188 runs) is held by Gary Kirsten of South Africa made in 1996.

Fastest century

Canada's John
Davison made
111 runs off 67
balls when his
country played
West Indies. This
is considered the



fastest century in World Cup cricket.

However, Canada (202 all out) lost to West Indies (206 for 3 wickets) in this game. Outside World Cup, the record for the fastest century stands in the name of Pakistan's Shahid Afridi, who made 102 runs off 37 balls while playing against Sri Lanka in 1996.

Brother-ly confusion

Namibia, playing a World Cup match for the first time, has two pairs of brothers - Dean Kotze and Bjorn Kotze, and Louis Burger and Sarel Burger. There is a third Burger in Jan-Berry, but he is not related to the brothers. The Zimbabwe team, too, has brothers, Andy Flower and Grant Flower. When Namibia played against Zimbabwe, the commentators found it a hard task to identify the Flowers, Kotzes, and Burgers!

The oldie and the kiddie

The oldest player for the 8th World Cup is the Namibian skipper Jan Leonardus Louw at 43 years 7 months. And the youngest is - no, not India's wicket keeper Parthiv Patel, but Talha Jubair of Bangladesh



(see photo), who is 17 years 2 months old. Parthiv is 8 months older than Jubair, who is a medium pace bowler.

Tendulkar goes lighter

For the World Cup matches, Sachin Tendulkar is using bats of lighter weight. He had all along been having bats made of English willows weighing 1,300 gm. To South Africa he has taken bats weighing 1,250 gm which are broader in the middle. This is ideal to counter the extra pace and bounce on the South African pitches. Because of his

back problem, doctors have been advising him to use bats of lighter weight.

Answers



19 grapes

Out of place

 The duck has ears, 2. The crocodile has grown a horn, 3. The daisies are growing in the river, 4. The fish in **Seek him out** is on the land. 5. The caterpillar has grown wings.

Seek him out

Did you notice the fish near the rabbit?

PUZZLE DAZZLE

Cracking the code

Great! You are a good sleuth.

Match the answers

| 1. | 169 | 5. | 132 | 9. | 135 |
|----|-----|----|-----|-----|-----|
| 2. | 150 | 6. | 130 | 10. | 170 |
| 3. | 115 | 7. | 111 | 11. | 182 |
| 4. | 120 | 8. | 180 | 12. | 154 |

Help Dadima

Dadi Ma gives each of her grand children 3 full bottles, 1 half-full bottle, and 3 empty bottles.

She empties two half full bottles into one empty bottle. She fills another empty bottle with the contents of two half full bottles. Now there are 9 full bottles, 3 half-full bottles, and 9 empty bottles.



PAGE AFTER PAGE WILL KINDLE YOUR CHILD'S IMAGINATION

MAGAZINE

ISSUE AFTER ISSUE MONTH AFTER MONTH

Special introductory offer to child-subscribers!

Rs. 100 for 12 issues (instead of Rs. 120)

Offer closes on June 30, 2003.



Do you want your children to sharpen their faculties by working on puzzles?

Come to Junior Chandamama for loads of puzzles and games.

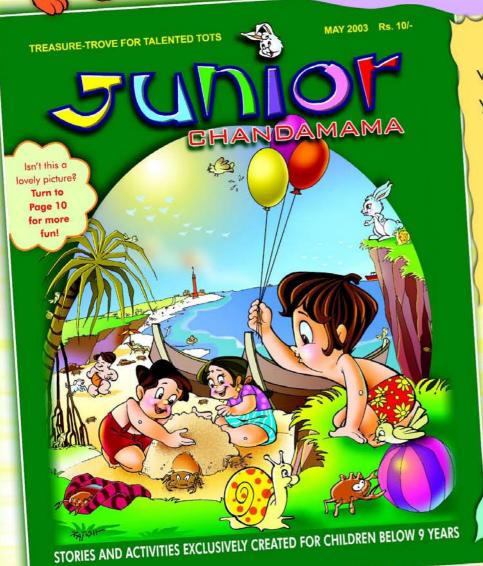
Are you looking out for interesting new stories
to be read out to the kiddies?

Pick up a copy of Junior Chandamama, and you'll find them.



Does your child have a taste for colouring and you want to develop the habit?

Junior Chandamama is what you must get for your child.



Good habits begin
when young. That's what
you think, but don't know
how to drill this into
your child's mind.
Check out
Junior Chandamama
where values are
taught subtly.

Want your kid to learn all about the culture and heritage of India? Only Junior Chandamama can help you.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Can you write a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other?

You may write it on a post card and mail it to:

Photo Caption Contest **CHANDAMAMA** (at the address given below)

to reach us before the 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.



"Ready for a snap" "Ready for a drive"

Congratulations!

The Prize for the February 2003 contest goes to

ALITHA SRINIVASAN

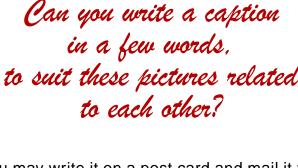
37, Ground Floor Chhadda Apartments S.T. Road, Chembur Mumbai - 400 071



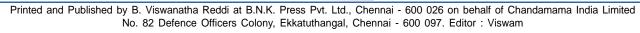
Within India Rs. 180/- by surface mail Payment in favour of

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

No. 82 Defence Officers Colony Ekkatuthangal Chennai - 600 097









Attach 10 specially marked "Frooti logo" flaps (all originals) with the coupon on the back of the sticker and mall it to: Kankel Relationship Marketing Services Pvt. Ltd., PO Box No. 7986, Tuleiwad, Tarden, Mumbel - 400 034.

Timms and Condition: 1) The offer is open to all inclaim residents except employees and their relatives of Parls Agro Pvt. Ltd. (the Promoter), its Pranchisees, Affiliates and Advertising & Promotion Agencies. 2) Offer is valid up to 15th of May, 2000 and only entries received or deposited by 00:00 has on this date will be eligible for proper, 3) This offer is valid in India on a specially marked offer packs of Proof Mango 200mL term packs. Stock also assistate without this offer. 4) The Promoter and its Procedures or Affiliates hold no search pack of Proof Mango 200mL, b. Once the pack is empty, cut the specialty marked Foot logo side flag. Collect 10 such specialty marked side flags with Proof logo, a Affacth these 10 flags with one of the outporn. Fill in the outporn, or There sould be transpired in the locally wereast will be environment by post. 5) Each participant is entitled to send one or more entities. Each entry should be on the original outporn and should have 10 original specialty marked flags affacted. 7) incomplete entities will be discussified. 6) 5 families of maximum but members each (including the winner) comprising of a dults and 2 children below 12 years of age and having said passports and stock will be according to normal, a facilities. A catholic the facilities. A conting to complete entities will be discussified to a trip of 5 days with unly the following belifiers. A conting to the facilities. A catholic to the facilities. A catholic to the facilities and the passes to Warner Bros. Movie World. Sea World (which has CN Beach) and Well to Wild Water World, d. Transport (to 8 has be decided by the Promoter will be decided by the Promoter will be effect on exponent to the witness of flags of the passes of the administration of the passes of the administration of the passes of the administration of the passes of the passes of the subtract of the passes o

Butterscotch Candy

